McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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DEATH OF PETER JOHNSON.

He Died at His Home on Willow Street on Tuesday.

Peter Johnson died at his home on Willow street, this borough, at an early hour Tuesday morning, Jan. 31, 1911, after a lingering illness of tuberculosis. He was aged 69 years and eleven months.

Nearly eight years ago Mr. Johnson discovered that he was troubled with this terrible disease and since that time has made every effort to check its progress, but none of these attempts were more than temporarily successful. Eight months ago he was forced to take to his bed where he has been confined up to the time of his death.

The deceased was born in Sweden, March 2, 1857, and came to this country in 1882, locating at once in Smethport, where he has since resided. On April 8, 1884, he was united in marriage to Miss Nora Anderson, who survives him, together with two brothers, Abraham and Alex, who reside in Sweden.

He has been a devout member of the Swedish Luthrain church ever since it was organized in this borough and has held the offices of trustee and deacon all of that time. He was a true Christian, a loving husband and brother, a good citizen and this community loses a thoroughly good man through his demise. He was a member of the K. O. T. M. and was honored by the members of this fraternity.

A prayer over his remains will be held at the house at 1:30 this afternoon, after which his remains will be taken to the Swedish Luthran church and funeral services held by Rev. Goldstrom of Olean, pastor of the church. His remains will be laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

TEAM GOES OVER BANK.

Carriage and Man Follow, but Man and Team Escape Injury.

Charles Clark, driving one of Liveryman E. W. Jones' teams met with a very fortunate accident last Friday morning, between the top of Bush Hill and the Devil's Elbow, on the road to Port Allegany.

As he neared the old Andrew Campbell farm, the road was so icy, that he was forced to drive one of the horses, which was not very sharp shod, nearly in the ditch, and at the point near that deep ravine which cross the road in front of the Campbell house, this horse slipped and fell. The other horse then fell over the ice embankment, taking with him the other horse, the boy with the carriage and Mr. Clark, all winding up in a pile in the bottom of the ravine.

The carriage rolled over completely but notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Clark escaped without any injury, and when he succeeded in extracting himself from the mass he helped the horses up. As soon as the animals got on their feet they started for home and came into town on a lively trot. One of Mr. Jones' men started back and picked up Mr. Clark. They then went back and got the buggy.

Mr. Clark escaped without even any bad bruises and the horses only received a few slight scratches, while the carriage only had the top broken and the harness was slightly damaged.

INSTANTLY KILLED AT MINA.

Charles Clark of Burtville Crushed To Death Last Thursday.

Yesterday afternoon about 1:30 o'clock while unloading logs at the docks of the Central Pennsylvania Lumber company's mills, Charles Clark met instant death, says the Potter Democrat. Mr. Clark, in company with Conductor George Burt and the rest of the train crew were dumping the logs from the cars into the pond at the Mina mills when an unusually large log 24 feet long was obstinate about moving. Mr. Clark stood on the ground while Mr. Burt stood on the end of the next car trying to start the log. When it did start Mr. Clark endeavored to get out of the way but slipped on the ice directly in front of the log. As it fell from the car it landed on the middle of his back and rolled from there over his head crushing it into a shapeless mass. Mr. Clark had been an employe of the company for several years and had been a member of this crew for about two years. He leaves a wife who was Miss Ella Burt, daughter of Benjamin Burt of Burtville. His home was on the old Clark farm just below Burtville. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, have lately removed to Roulette where Mr. Clark is employed in the stave mill.

NEW SHAWMUT BRANCH.

From Nicholsons Run on Allegheny River to North Butler.

The building of a branch of the Pittsburg & Shawmut railroad, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, from Nicholsons Run on the Allegheny river, 7 miles south of Kittanning, Pa., to North Butler, Pa., to connect with the Bessemer & Lake Erie railroad through North Buffalo township, Armstrong county, and West Winfield, Clearfield and Summit townships, Butler county, and the opening of vast coal fields with an acreage of 50,000 already under lease, the establishing of several new towns where large collieries are already being located, are developments announced recently, which put a new phase on the so called Shawmut mystery.

Engineers are surveying the line from a point near Denny's mills, north of West Winfield, to North Butler. The lines have been laid in a preliminary way and the surveyors are about ready to set the stakes for the grade. The branch will be 25 miles long and cost $1,000,000 a mile. The main line of the Shawmut from Brookville to Freeport is estimated at $150,000 a mile.

The purpose of the Butler branch is to gain an outlet to the Great Lakes for the coal mines which are to be opened up connecting with the Bessemer & Lake Erie at North Butler, the Shawmut will gain a direct route to Conneaut, and also secure an entrance to Pittsburg. It is believed the United State Steel corporation is behind the movement. The steel corporation is after coal mines, or at least friendly relations with owners of large holdings. It is interested in the development of limestone quarries in Butler county. Coal and lime are needed for the big mills and on the Great Lakes the corporation can carry coal to, points on the lakes, after unloading ore at the Conneaut (Ohio) docks.

Already work has been started on the 12 miles of track between Nicholsons and Dennis mills. It is said that at least 2,000 men will be put to work in a short time. There are to be five tunnels in Summit township being 1,000 feet long.

LONG LEGS WIN AGAIN.

Defeat the Short Legs in Duck Pin Game on Saturday.

During the holidays there were two spirited match games of duck pins pulled off between the Long Legs, under the leadership of H. B. Redfield, and the Short Legs, who were then under the captaincy of Ex-Teddy Newman, and both of these matches, which were high total of pins in three games, were won by the Long Legs without the Short Legs winning a game.

After Mr. Newman left for Syracuse Col. J. Warren Lee took charge of and reorganized the Short Legs and on Saturday they went up against the Long Legs again, but only to meet with another defeat. However, they did better than ever before and Col. Lee's men are now in training for another contest. In the first game Saturday the Short Legs put their opponents to route to the tune of 21 pins, but in the second things broke the other way and the Long Legs won by 59 pins. In the third game the Long Legs were again victorious, winning the match by 89 pins.

HANDS PAINFULLY BURNED.

Victor Hallstrom Meets With Accident At Backus Novelty Plant.

Victor Hallstrom, a young man employed at the Backus Novelty Company's plant, met with a peculiar and painful accident last Friday which burned both of his hands quite badly although not seriously.

He was washing a flat-iron with some gasoline and one of his co-workers, who did not notice what young Hallstrom was doing, lighted a match for some purpose and after using it flitted it toward Hallstrom. The lighted match struck him on the hands, igniting the gasoline and before it could be extinguished his hands were burned as above stated.

A physician dressed his burns and he will be able to go back to work in a few days.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Subscribe for The Miner.

GILLETT'S MINSTRELS.

A Sterling Attraction at the Lyceum For Benefit of Smethport I. O. O. F. Band—Feb. 15th.

A great treat is in store for local theatre goers on Wednesday, Feb. 15, the date set for the appearance of Col. Mellville Gillett's Combined Buckeye Minstrels. It will be the farewell appearance of this stellar attraction in this country. Perhaps no other name in minstrelsm appeals to theatre goers as Gillett's does. His fame is written among the stars with Dockstader, Primrose, Gorton and the rest. His appearance this year is under the Wells' management and local Thespian lovers are well familiar with the high character of the productions of these well known play producers.

The Colonel comes to us fresh from a triumphant tour of many of the large Eastern cities and that the production will be elaborate and well staged goes without saying. The Metropolitan Company will also include other old time favorites whom Smethport claims as her own. Some of our readers may recall "Young's Minstrels" which was produced here many years ago in the Kittredge opera house, also in Clermont. It was a home talent affair, and some of the supporting members of this present attraction began their career at that time. The opening, or First Part, of Gillett's Minstrels is a marvel of stage realism, the Cotton Field and Sawanee River scenes are among the most notable effects ever produced; electricity and imagination play a wonderful part.

The Colonel, himself, still holds the center of the line as interlocutor, same as in the olden days and with brilliant repartee and a mind still active, makes up for what he has lost in his sedan appendage and 'tis said his voice is still full of its old time mellowness. The second part is refined vaudeville, clever artists delight the audience with roller skates, slack-wire and air-ship acts, celebrated actors and actresses, forsaking for the nonce, the legitimate, entertain the public with bright parlor sketches and skits, clever oling, buck and wing dancing, instrumental and vocal music completes the program.

The Company travels in its own special Pullman car, and positively appears as advertised regardless of railroad strikes. The grand street parade takes place daily at noon rain or shine and is worth a trip to the city to see.

There are forty-three members in the Company, each and every one an artist. Every one should buy tickets early. They may be purchased now from the ticket selling committee of the band and exchanged at Wells' drug store for reserved seats on and after Saturday, February 11th. The performance is for the benefit of the Smethport Odd Fellows band. Our band is dependent on the public for financial support and needs funds to replenish its treasury for expense of maintaining its organization. These expenses consist of music, instruction, repairs to instruments and uniforms.

The band, as it has been conducted for some two years, is worthy of encouragement and fills a need of the town. Help it along.

SHE KILLED HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Louis Vogt Killed Her Husband Near Union City Sunday.

Union City, Jan. 30.—Following a family quarrel about 10 o'clock last night, Mrs. Louis Vogt shot and killed her husband in the Vogt home on a farm about one mile south of this place. The woman claims she did the killing in self-defense. Vogt had the gun and threatened to kill her. She wrested it from him and fired a bullet into the back of his head.

Louis Vogt, the 15-year-old son of the dead man, stood fearfully on the stairs of the Vogt house while his father and stepmother quarreled in a downstairs bedroom, after they had retired for the night. The boy says he heard one revolver shot and then his mother's voice telling him to run to the neighbors for help.

Mrs. Vogt was the victim's second wife. She was formerly a Miss Knapp of this place and is popular. Sympathy is with the woman generally it being known that her husband frequently abused her.

For Sale.

An odd horse; three pair of horses. Prices and terms right. For further information call or write

A. VAN SICKLE,
Smethport, Pa., Route 4,
Feb.2-1t Telephone No. 150F41.

NEWSPAPERS TAKING NOTICE.

They Will Get Into the Political Game For the Good of the Party.

That the Republican newspapers of this county intend to make a decided effort to uplift the political conditions in this county as well as the state seems to be an assured fact. At least three of the newspapers have taken up this question and in all probability others will follow. With the leading newspapers taking an active interest in the work much good can be accomplished and we expect to see it done. The Kane Republican of Saturday says:

Reports from all sections of the state and nation indicate an intense activity in the ranks of Democracy. The party leaders and the rank and file are busy in all the pertinent phases of reorganization.

Republicans must take notice of these circumstances, and rise to the occasion. The duty of rehabilitating the Republican party in McKean county falls on the shoulders of all members of the party. This is not the time for any one to hang back waiting on this one or that one to go ahead. Each and every member of the party should come forth and signify his intention to help out in the work. If the whole body of Republicans in the county make manifest their desire to see things done, the selection of leaders will be easily accomplished.

We have plenty of strong men in the ranks of the party in this county and the vicissitude of circumstances incident to the process of reorganization will reveal the qualities of leadership and the iron circumstances of necessity will insure their placement. In political parties, as in the other affairs of men, adversity is the great revealer of hidden strength. In times of political prosperity parties fall into the dangers of weak leadership for the reason that certain misguided men intoxicated with success, fall into the error of placing men for the purpose of honoring them. The office in this commonwealth are not for honor, but they are for services of the people.

The Republicans must realize that in making selections within the party they must procure men who measure up to the standard required of men to hold offices.

In other words, the Republicans have assumed a control of affairs in the county for the best interests of the people. From hence forth it will take no other stand in this important place of political evolution. It will place the interests of the people and party before all personal considerations and insist on securing the selection of men who the people will believe to elect, and who in turn will make a payment by the competent discharge of their duties.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

The Body of Emil Amann Found Near Warren Water Works on Saturday.

A dispatch from Warren, dated Jan. 30, says: It is the belief of the police that Emil Amann, whose dead body was found Saturday morning in a field back of the city reservoir, committed suicide. No other theory that is tenable can be found to-day, in the face of all the circumstances. The man had no enemies, so far as can be learned. No one was seen with him Friday night, when he left the city hall for the reservior to do some work there.

Mr. Amann was in the employ of the city. He was 54 years of age. Formerly he was superintendent of the water department, when it was conducted as a private enterprise. Later, when it came into the possession of the city, he was retained in a similar capacity. Friday night he went to the city hall and asked the janitor where he could find a pocket electric flashlight. One was procured for him from the police department. He then ordered a livery rig, and started in the direction of the reservoir without notifying anyone where he was going.

Saturday morning T. D. Allen was driving to Warren when he observed a buggy standing near the reservoir. He investigated and found the body of Mr. Amann lying face downward. There was a bullet hole in his right temple and the stub of a cigar was clenched between his teeth. The man's watch, keys and a little money were in his pockets. The robbery theory was thereby exploded.

Mr. Amann was born in Germany. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum and Odd Fellows. He is survived by his wife and two daughters.

Advertise in The Miner.

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Franklin Used a Small Rope In Terminating Her Life—Her Mind Affected.

Mrs. Lillian Franklin, wife of C. R. Franklin, of No. 19 Bennett street, committed suicide by hanging herself at her home Tuesday forenoon. The woman's daughter, Mary, who is employed at the factory of the William Frank Shirt Waist company, discovered the corpse when she returned home for dinner. The frightened girl notified a neighbor and a telephone call was sent for Mr. Franklin who is employed as a driver by Bisett Brothers, says yesterday's Bradford Era.

Mr. Franklin reached his home as quickly as possible nd there found the body of his wife suspended by the neck from a piece of clothes line which had been fastened to a nail which had been driven into the wall of the bedroom. To cause strangulation, the woman had knelt on the floor until life was extinct.

The body was cut down and placed on a bed and a hurried summons brought a physician. The services of the latter were not necessary, for the woman had been dead for several hours.

Coroner Sherman was notified, and after making inquiries, decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Mrs. Franklin for the past few years had shown signs of being of unsound mind. She had frequently talked of taking her life and had specified a means by which she might do so. Only recently she had talked about a woman who had killed herself in a bathtub by drowning. Mr. Franklin made efforts to induce his wife to give up her suicidal projects but this seemed to be impossible. Members of the family had for sometime been fearful of the tragedy that eventually was enacted, but yesterday morning Mrs. Franklin appeared to be in a cheerful mood when her husband left the house to go to his work.

A dishpan filled with water was found on the floor near the body indicating that the unfortunate woman probably intended to kill herself by drowning when she changed her mind and resorted to the use of the rope.

Deceased was 32 years of age and besides her husband, one leaves three daughters, Ruth, Edna and Mary Franklin, all of Bradford.

The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Still and removed to his rooms and preparation for burial.

AN ITALIAN KILLED.

Accident Happened at Bradford Pressed Brick Co. Plant on Saturday.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: Rosario Dicalino, an Italian, aged 47 years, an employe of the Bradford Pressed Brick company, was killed in a very unusual manner yesterday afternoon while engaged in working in the clay pit of factory No. 1.

The unfortunate man was assisting others in unloading the small cars with shale which was to be taken to the factory, located below the pit. A large mass of shale along the hillside gave way about 1:30 o'clock and the men ran to avoid the cave-in. Dicalino, like the rest, started to run out of harm's way and just as he was crossing the little track upon which the cars were conveyed to the factory, his foot caught and threw him upon the track. In some manner he twisted around so that the back of his head struck one of the heavy iron rails. He escaped the cave-in and would have been unharmed had he not struck the iron rail with the back of his head.

The unfortunate man was conveyed to his boarding house and Dr. Egbert of Custer was called. He did what he could for the man but medical aid was in vain as his skull had been crushed at the base of the brain and he died at 4.10 o'clock.

The remains were brought to this city and taken to Still's undertaking rooms.

Dominick, a brother, was killed at the No. 2 factory of the company by a cave-in just lacking three days of being a year ago. Besides a brother, Ross, he is survived by a wife and three children living in Italy.

For Sale.

8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa., 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
Feb.2-12t Portville, N. Y.

Subscribe for The Miner.

A POLICEMAN WOUNDED.

Fortunately His Injuries Are Not Serious—Shot Intended For Chicken Thief Fired at Wrong Man.

Olean, N. Y., Jan. 30.—This morning between 12 and 1 o'clock a suspicious looking character was located on the East Side and Fred Vollmer, the plain clothes man of the police department, was delegated by Captain Lawler to apprehend him.

There had been some chicken stealing and it was thought that the stranger might have something to do with the roost robberies. At Fred Starks' place the officer saw a stranger enter a barn. The officer waited for the fellow to come out and thereby catch him with the goods.

As the stranger reappeared, however, there were two shots fired and the officer thinking that he was being fired upon started in pursuit. After chasing the supposed chicken thief for two blocks, the policeman found that he had been shot, his clothing becoming saturated with blood. He was obliged to give up the chase, and after using an improvised torniquet, he made his way to a patrol box and summoned aid. He was taken to the office of a physician and his injuries were dressed.

It appears that Mr. Starks has a system of burglar alarms and when the barn door was opened, the members of the household were aroused and seeing the officer running from the place, Mr. Starks emptied both barrels of his shot gun in the direction of the fleeing form in the darkness. Eight of the small bird shot entered the officer's flesh. The injuries were not of a serious nature.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Under This Caption the Kane Leader Takes a Wallop at Our Fair.

Along in the fall we will have an agricultural fair in McKean county. Horse racing will be one of the features. The side shows will be there. Some other things to attract attendance will be provided. And when all is done it will be a Vaudeville on a big scale without much agriculture.

It is no doubt in keeping with the way and time that it does not fill the bill of an agricultural leader.

So the editor of the Leader thinks there is enough agricultural display for the amount of money pulled out at the McKean County Fair. What can this party [illegible] first [illegible] the best [illegible] to [illegible] not appear like a [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] fair. But to get down to facts, what is the Leader willing to know about any way? There is not a more moral or more educational fair conducted in the country than the McKean County Fair, nor a fair that is making a more determined effort to bring up the agricultural standard in its community and such an attack is nothing more or less than ridiculous.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS DROWNED.

They Break Through the Ice on the River Near Knoxville.

The Potter Democrat says: A shocking accident occurred at Knoxville Tuesday afternoon when little Bertha Snyder, aged 5 years, and Lucile Margraff, aged 4 years, broke through the ice on the Cowanesque river at Knoxville and were drowned. The two children were out with their baby carriage and when supper time came and they did not appear a search was instituted and the first intuition the searchers had of their probable fate was when their baby carriage was found near a hole in the ice. The depth of the water at this point varies from 3 to 7 feet and the process of dynamiting the ice was immediately begun. In about an hour the body of little Lucile Margroff was recovered. The search for the body of Bertha Snyder was kept up until 2 o'clock in the morning, and at daylight was resumed, when in a short time it was discovered several rods from where the accident occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder will take their little child to Alden, N. Y., where Mr. Snyder's people live and Mr. and Mrs. Margroff will hold the funeral and burial of their little one at Nelson, their former home.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call and see

Oct.6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

——WRITTEN BY——

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

The Sky-Man

By

Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace, his affection for his intimate friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turned to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine, consisting of a pair of great wings, whose motive force is the muscular power of his own body. While soaring over the Arctic regions he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe.

CHAPTER II.—He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making a search ashore. He volunteers to make a search of the land. After he departs Jeanne finds that Cayley had dropped a curiously-shaped stick.

CHAPTER III.—Unknown to those on the yacht, Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, a member of the crew, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party, and at the approach of the steamer had removed all signs of habitation. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold.

CHAPTER IV.—Jeanne tells her guardian, Mr. Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley as proof that it was not a dream. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Tom tells Jeanne of Cayley's disgrace. Perry Hunter is found murdered.

CHAPTER V.—Cayley, the sky-man, visits the yacht. He is accused of the murder of Hunter, and the throwing-stick is produced as evidence against him. He denies the charge and tells of seeing a group of men with Hunter when he was slain. Jeanne assures Cayley of her faith in him, having discovered that the throwing-stick was made for a left-handed man, while the sky-man is right-handed.

CHAPTER VI.—A relief party is sent ashore to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne, after a quarrel with her over the sky-man. Jeanne is shocked at the revelation, as she had always regarded Tom as a brother. Later Tom searches for Jeanne, and finds her missing from the yacht. Roscoe and his gang board the yacht and Tom is knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VII.—Jeanne rows ashore in a small boat. She enters an abandoned hut, and there finds evidence of its previous occupancy by her father. In a rosewood box Jeanne finds her father's diary. In the last entry the explorer says that he fears Roscoe intends to kill him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Roscoe and his men stow the slabs of gold away in the yacht. The ruffian is enraged because superstitious sailors refuse to return for the rosewood box, and Roscoe goes himself. He sees Jeanne poring over her father's diary, and thinks he sees a ghost. Jeanne leaves the hut and Roscoe starts for her, intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees in terror. He hears shots from the Aurora.

CHAPTER IX.—Cayley and Jeanne also hear the shots. Jeanne's boat is missing. They return to the hut to pass the night. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER X.—Next morning they find that the yacht has disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.—Captain Warner of the Aurora declares to Fanshaw and his son that it is impossible to return for Jeanne, that the vessel would be crushed by the ice floes. Delay, Captain Planck tells of Roscoe's plans to capture the yacht. The ruffian's presence on the shore adds to Fanshaw's anxiety about Jeanne. The only ray of hope is that Cayley is with her.

CHAPTER XII.—Cayley assures Jeanne of his confidence in the recapture of the yacht by Fanshaw's people. An entry in her father's diary reveals to Jeanne the seriousness of their situation and the hopelessness of immediate rescue.

CHAPTER XIII.—Jeanne and the sky-man set about making the hut more comfortable. They plan to search for supplies hidden by the explorer. Jeanne is frightened by a glimpse of something resembling a polar bear.

CHAPTER XIV.—Cayley kills a polar bear. Search is made through the explorer's diary for a clue to the hiding place of his supplies. Her father's description of the monster, Roscoe, arouses in Jeanne the horror that he and his gang may be sharing their solitude.

CHAPTER XV.—Cayley finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. A cold cellar is discovered in the hut and in it a chimney-like hole leading straight up through the ice.

CHAPTER XVI.

Footprints.

Nature had nothing to do with the formation of it, so much was clear enough. It had been cut out by hand, and evidently with infinite labor.

Flashing his bull's-eye over it did not enable him to see the end of it, but it did reveal a series of notches running straight up the two opposite surfaces. The only purpose they could serve would be to make possible the ascent of the chimney.

Jeanne followed his gaze, and then the two looked at each other, completely puzzled.

"Some one must have made it," she said; "and it must have been frightfully hard to make—a tunnel right up through the ice like that. But what in the world can they have made it for?"

"I've no idea," he confessed, "but it goes somewhere, and I mean to find out where."

"Don't follow it too far," she cautioned. "It would only need one foot slip off one of those icy notches to bring about a dreadfully ugly fall."

"One couldn't fall far down a tube of that diameter, unless he had completely lost his nerve, for there's always a chance to catch one's self. And you're to remember that I'm used to falling. No, I'll be as safe up there as I would on a turnpike. Yes, really."

With that and a nod of reassurance, he scrambled up into the mouth of the long chimney. He had taken his bull's-eye with him, so the girl was left in the dark. She dropped down on the heap of bear skins to wait for him.

She had no means of measuring the time, and it seemed a perfectly interminable while before she heard Cayley returning down the ice chimney. Had she known how long it really was, she would have been justified in feeling seriously worried about him, but not knowing, she attributed the seeming duration of his delay to the tedium of sitting in the dark, with nothing to do. Even at that, she was conscious of a feeling of relief when she heard him call out to her once more, cheerfully, albeit somewhat hollowly, from the chimney's mouth:

"Jeanne, where are you?"

"Here, just where you left me."

"Here! All the while! You must be half frozen. I've been gone the better part of an hour."

"I didn't know how long it was, and I kept thinking you'd be back any minute. . . . But where in the world have you been?"

By the time she asked that question they had groped their way back into the storeroom and thence into the living room of the hut, and by now she was looking at him in the full light of day.

He dropped down, with a rather explosive sigh, upon one of the bunks, and poked tentatively at his thighs and shoulders as if they were numb with fatigue.

"I think by a reasonable estimate," he said, "that chimney is five miles high. I kept going and going and going, till I began to believe that there wasn't any end to it; or that, by some magic or other, I slipped down a yard as often as I went up one. But I did get to the end at last; and I'll give you a thousand guesses as to what I found there."

"The observatory," she hazarded. "Oh! but not really? I did not mean that for an honest guess at all. It was just the first thing that came into my head. But how could they pull the pilot-house of the Phœnix up through that little hole in the ice?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't believe they did," he answered with mocking seriousness. "It's more likely that they took it to pieces, and then rigged a boom and tackle up at the cliff-head and hauled it up outside. But when they got it up there they put it together again right across the fissure, and, then tunnelled down, or up, the whole depth of the cliff. It must have taken them weeks to do it, and when it was done they had an inside connection between it and the hut, so that they were quite independent of the weather. And it must have been a great place to make observations from."

"Have been!" she echoed questioningly. "Isn't it now?"

"No, because it's all snowed and frozen in. It's buried, I don't know how many feet deep by this time, and dark, of course, as a pocket. But everything inside is quite undisturbed. I doubt if a single member of the Walrus' crew ever saw it, or even suspected that such a place existed."

He unbuttoned his jacket and took from an inner pocket a scrap of paper.

"Being a methodical person," he explained, "I made an inventory. It's really quite a respectable list."

She seated herself beside him on the bunk as if to read the paper.

"I imagine you will need an interpreter," he said. "I've half forgotten what these tracks mean myself. My hands were so stiff with the cold it wasn't very easy to write. But that first word is telescope. And then there are the meteorological instruments, barometers, thermometers, and so on, and the Phœnix's compass, sextant and chronometer, a microscope, a paraffine oven and a big chunk of paraffine, an oil lamp, a five-gallon can about half full of oil, and a small stove. There was a providential treasure for me in the form of a razor, which they used, I suppose, for cutting microscopic sections with. I'm glad they hadn't a microtome to do it properly."

"You didn't find a comb for me, did you?" she asked. "Because, unless you did, or until you do, you won't be allowed to use the razor."

"I suppose I could make you one, or a sort of one. It would be genuine ivory, anyway."

He had come, apparently, to the end of the list.

"Well," she said, "I suppose we might find something to do with almost any one of those things; some of them will be useful, certainly. And it's pleasant, somehow, to think of our little pilot house, all snowed in, up there on the cliff-head, and of our inside passage leading up to it."

"That's quite true," he said. "I suppose it's all romantic nonsense, but it does give one a certain feeling of security. . . . However," he went on, "we're not reduced as yet to anything as intangible as that as a subject for giving thanks. You haven't seen the whole of my list yet. I've saved the best till the last."

He turned the paper over in his hand as he spoke. She did not attempt to read what he had written, but sat there beside him, her hands clasped about one knee, her eyes upon the booted foot which was poised across the other, and waited rather tensely for him to tell her.

"It's not so very much, but it will mean an immense lot to us. What people die of in the arctic is not so often disease or accident, or even directly, cold or starvation. They die more often of disgust and weariness and exhaustion. Your father knew that, and he set apart from his general stores some luxuries and delicacies, or things that would seem to be such to men in their plight, to be used against emergency. I'm sure that's why he took them up there and hid them away. Part of them are left. I wish he could have known to whom they were going to be of use. There's a little cask with brandy in it, a good-sized pot nearly full of beef extract, a jar of dried eggs, three tins of condensed milk, a big ten-pound box of Albert biscuit—"

His voice broke off there sharply, but without the downward inflection she would have expected had he reached the end. So she looked quickly and curiously up into his face. As quickly, her eyes sought the bit of paper which still lay open in his hand.

"You didn't finish," she said. "There was something else."

"I thought too late. Oh! it's nothing, but it caught me—rather, and I thought I would spare you the twinge that finding it had given me. I might better have read it right out. It was a big plum pudding, in a tin, you know—Cross & Blackwell's. But there it was, waiting. I suppose, to lend some sort of an air of festivity to their next Christmas."

The girl rose from her seat beside him and going over to the window, stood for a while gazing up the reach.

It was just about the same time in the afternoon that it had been yesterday when he set out, a-wing, to find her, and had come flying down out of the sky to drive away the sudden nameless terror which had beset her. That thought led him, now to visualize some sticks of wood, rather too large to carry, which had been lying on the beach near where he had found her. Thinking that it would be a good time to get them and drag them in, he got a harpoon line, and it was the girl's question what he meant to do with the rope, which caused him to tell her what part of the beach he intended to visit. He asked her then if she cared to come with him, but, after a moment's hesitation, she declined.

"It will be high time for supper before you can get back," she said, "and I'd better stay here and get it ready, that is, unless I can help you."

So he set off alone.

For awhile the occupation of setting their disordered living room to rights and getting the supper started were sufficient to take the whole of the girl's attention. But later, when it was a question merely of waiting for the pot to boil, and of not watching it so that it would boil sooner, she moved restlessly to the door and stood there, before the hut, gazing down the beach in the direction Cayley had taken. He was already out of sight around the headland.

She wished she had gone with Philip, and she gazed with straining eyes toward the narrow bit of slanting beach around the base of the headland which was the place where he must appear. He was not to be expected yet, not for a long time, probably, for his progress, dragging those great sticks he had set out to bring home, must be slow.

And then, even as she looked, she saw him, not moving slowly with his burden, but running—running at his topmost speed, like a man in fear of something.

Instinctively she moved forward to meet him, and this move of hers enabled him to see her. He slackened his pace instantly, and waved her back toward the hut. She obeyed that imperative gesture of his, without hesitation, but still remained in the doorway, watching him as he rapidly drew nearer.

When he had got near enough so that she could see his face and read, more or less, what she saw there, she again moved forward to meet him, and this time he did not wave her back. When he came within arm's reach of her, he caught her and held her tight in his two hands.

"What is it, Philip?" she asked, searching the depth of his eyes and trying to plumb the horror she saw in them. "What happened out there?"

"Nothing—happened. But I saw something there that made me anxious for your safety. . . . It's all right now you're safe. Nothing has happened here, has there, while I have been gone?"

"Nothing. What could have happened, Philip?. It can't be anything that you're afraid to tell me," she went on, for he had not answered her. "There can't be anything you'd be afraid to tell me now—not after yesterday."

"Oh, no; it's not so bad as that, but I saw that I had been wrong to leave you, even for that little while. You see the sight of the place brought back to my mind what you had told me yesterday of the terror you had felt there, and of the thing that you saw in the twilight. And so I looked about, and—Jeanne, it was no baseless terror, no product of the twilight and the fact that you were far from home. There was something there, slipping along from the shelter of one boulder to that of another. I found the tracks in the snow. They weren't more than ten paces away from you when I came down out of the sky."

"Was it the bear?" she asked. "That was what you thought it might have been, at the time." But he could see in her eyes that this was not the answer she expected.

He shook his head; that told her enough.

As Roscoe fled along the beach on the night Cayley descended upon him through the fog, there was no doubt in his mind that he had seen the ghost of the man he had murdered and the shadow of a black avenging spirit hovering over his head.

When he found that his boat had gone adrift and that his only means of getting back to the Aurora had gone with it, he dropped down upon beach, crawled up into the lee of a great rock and had spent the night there, his mind completely torpid with fear.

When the numbness of this terror passed away, as gradually it did, he beat all this thoughts upon the Aurora and upon the possibility, not quite inconceivable, that his crew had succeeded in overpowering her people and were now in possession of the yacht. He tried to persuade himself that this was so and that with the coming of the dawn they would send a boat ashore for him.

Of the strange figure he had seen there in the hut, so like and yet so terribly unlike the victim of his mur-

So He Set Off Alone.

derous lust four years ago—of that, and of the more terrible apparition he had seen coming down out of the sky, he thought, or tried to think nothing at all. It was only a nightmare, only a delusion; natural enough when one considered all the circumstances.

When the fog lifted with the approach of dawn, he discovered what Philip and Jeanne did not become aware of until several hours later, that the Aurora had drifted out to sea in the gale. The clean line of the horizon was broken by nothing but the plunging masses of the ice. There was just one chance, he thought, that she might still be comparatively near at hand. Southward and eastward the horizon was unbroken, but the jutting mass of the promontory to the west cut off his view in that direction. It was possible that the gale which had destroyed the floe that formed the harbor, had also broken up the pack ice at the other side of the peninsula, the side from which Cayley, on the wing, had first approached this unknown land. The yacht might be there, riding safely in practically open water.

He got up from the snow nest he had made for himself in the lee of the rock, and cautiously flexed his stiffened muscles, with the idea of setting out at once down the beach and around the headland to learn whether this last hope of his was groundless. Really, in his heart, he had no hope at all, but that fact made it easy to postpone for a little longer the putting of this delusion of a hope he has to the test of reality.

The excuse he made to himself was, that he was ravenously hungry, and that his most sensible course would be to go up the glacier to the cave and cook himself a breakfast before he did anything else.

He was fully persuaded by that time that what he had seen at the hut last night during the storm had been nothing but a hallucination. None the less, he knew that it would be easier to walk past that empty hut in full broad day, than in this tricky, misty, uncertain light of dawn.

He carried out this plan at once, to the point, that is, of going up the glacier to the cave, building a fire there and satisfying his sharp hunger with an enormous meal. But he had not slept at all the night before, and now the warmth and the satisfaction of his appetite made his nerveless hand release the bone he was gnawing, and caused him to roll over beside the fire and to fall asleep.

He slept deeply for a number of hours. Then, arming himself with a throwing-stick and a number of darts, he stepped outside the cave, intent upon his expedition to the other side of the peninsula where there was a possibility of finding the yacht.

The cave was situated some little distance up the glacier, and the shortest, though by far the more difficult, way of reaching his destination lay, not along the beach but up through the interior valley and across the precipitous coast range of hills.

It was not the natural way to go, but the fact that it was actually shorter gave him a sort of excuse for avoiding another visit, just now, to the scene of his discomfiture of the night before. He swore at himself, not so much for taking this course as for the reasons which his common sense alleged against him.

His present route took him close to the gold ledge, and the sight of the inexhaustible, precious, useless metal that remained here brought upon him for the first time, in full force, a sense of his loss, a sense of what that luckless trip ashore from the Aurora in search of that rosewood box had cost him.

At an increased pace he descended from the glacier, crossed the valley and scaled the landward side of one of the mountains of the coast range, to a notch where he could command a view of the sea to the westward.

He saw there what, in the bottom of his mind, he had all along been sure he would see—nothing but another barren, bleak horizon.

At that, for a while, his fortitude broke down, and he raved and wept and cursed like one demented. But at last, spent, sobered, conscious once more of a sharp hunger, he climbed a little farther up the mountain to a ledge, where, as his minute knowledge of the country led him to expect, he found a number of loons sitting. He killed one of these birds with a dart, and then, like the brute he was, ate it raw and warm.

By that time it was late in the afternoon. Bravado, combined with a more real belief than he had yet succeeded in retaining, to the effect that all his terror of the night before had resulted from nothing more serious than a nightmare, led him to decide to go home by way of the beach, rather than along the difficult interior trail up which he had come.

The descent from the cliff-head to the beach was nothing to a man of his inhuman strength and activity, though an ordinary skilled mountaineer might have hesitated before attempting it. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the way down he nearly fell—but for luck he would have fallen, for he caught a glimpse of a lonely figure, a quarter of a mile away, perhaps, seated upon a ledge, bending forward, chin in hand, in an attitude which recalled, and horribly echoed, that of the man he long ago had murdered.

When he had steadied himself a little, he made his way cautiously down to the level of the beach. His emotions were divided about equally between fear and anger, the anger existing because of the fear.

With infinite caution he approached that lonely, unsuspecting figure, slipping from the shelter of one rock to that of one a little nearer.

Three times his left hand drew back the throwing-stick, balanced and aimed along a line that would send its thin ivory dart as swiftly and as surely to that beautiful throat as the one that had found and transfixed Perry Hunter's; and three times his muscles braced themselves for the effort to propel it. But each time, with a breathless oath, he lowered the weapon again, and with the back of his hairy hand wiped the sweat from his forehead.

The act had none of the quality of mercy in it; it was simply the result of a logical dilemma. If the thing he saw before him were a ghost, the ghost of the man he had already murdered, his dart would do no harm. If it were not a ghost; if it were what it looked more and more like as he drew nearer, a living, breathing woman—he licked his lips and wrung them with his hand—if it were a woman, he did not want to kill her. If he could be sure, could only be sure, he would drop his weapon and make one rush and hold her helpless in those great hands of his.

And with every five paces that lessened the distance between them, that certainty grew upon him. No, she was no immaterial spirit of a man long dead. She was alive; warm. He was near enough now to make out the soft curve of her throat, the retreating and returning color which bathed cheeks and forehead. He could see the faint rise and fall of her breast when she breathed. He laid the throwing-stick upon the ice, drew nerves and muscles taut for his rush.

Then, just then, he saw the thing that made Jeanne close her eyes, the flashing sword-cut of that great golden wing, as the thing it bore turned upon the other.

Roscoe dropped down, as if he had been blasted by the sight of a sword-ed archangel, in the shelter of his rock. He lay there, prone, hugging his head in his arms. He did not rouse himself, did not succeed in forcing his treacherous nerves and muscles to obey his will until it was quite dark. Then, without a glance behind him, he arose and began scrambling madly up the broken face of the talus, and, reaching the top of it, went on and scaled the cliff itself. It was a feat which even he could hardly have accomplished except under the extremity of terror.

For only so long as was necessary to regain his breath, he lay panting upon the cliff-head. In the dark, rushing along as if the precipitous trail he followed had been a well-worn thoroughfare, he retraced his way down the landward side of the mountain and across the valley. He did not pause until he found himself safe in the cave again beside the glacier.

(To be continued.)

Life's Wisest Policy.

It is wiser to act than to ask "why;" safer to "keep your own key and your own counsel," and better policy to encourage a flexible opinion, taking the views of many and weighing them, with the possibility of changing your mind.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John D. Short.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benson, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank K. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. E. Beaman, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Straight, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. R. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders , Clermont; A. R. Carr, Coryville.
Coroner—E. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. M. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, M. W. Workley, G. H. Deoning, F. L. Shelburne, J. C. Bacham, H. H. Sease.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. S. Spaeth, treasurer; John R. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—U. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. S. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judges of Election—H. S. Ruble.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

K. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 366, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 322, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. B. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. F. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Hebber Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGeown, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Logan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Be sure that some are the leaves of a Bank Book showing a deposit in this popular and strong Bank. Decide that the New Year shall find you among the thrifty ones who become independent through their own exertions, and who are not dependent upon others in time of need. Lay the foundation of a competence by starting an account today, and continue to make deposits with regularity every pay-day. Write for booklet.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1911.

Local and General.

—Ground Hog day.

—The Elks of Warren, Pa., are going to build a $50,000 temple in the near future.

—Sunday, Jan. 29, was McKinley Day and carnations were worn by many people in this vicinity.

—One of the Elk Land cases will come up for trial at the next criminal court which opens on Monday, Feb. 27.

—It seems that our article on the anonymous letter writer last week touched the matter more than one case.

—An attempt to elect has been organized by a number of the young ladies of Keating and they will organize the Sorosis in a short time.

—The Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church gave a clam chowder supper in the basement of the church last Saturday evening. The supper was largely attended and a goodly sum realized.

—Elder W. A. Backus will hold a revival meeting at the Baptist church, beginning Feb. 4 and 5, with a Quarterly meeting. All are invited to attend. Services begin at 7:30 o'clock.

—Lowell Wetenhall was brought home from Friendship, N. Y., on Saturday last, where he had been employed for some time past, suffering with peritonitis. He is getting along as well as possible.

—After February 17th no round trip tickets will be sold on the Pennsylvania railroad. The reason given for this is that there is no difference in the price to speak of for the round trip or single tickets and there will be a considerable saving in printing to sell only one-way tickets.

—A little boy on East Main street narrowly escaped having his leg broken Monday afternoon. He jumped onto a wagon and in righting himself up put one foot through the spokes of the revolving wheel. Fortunately the driver saw him in time to stop his horses and avert an accident.

—A town is judged by its newspapers much as a salesman is sized up by his clothes. The whole community is thus a partner in its journalistic enterprise. If you want your city to put its best foot forward, give the home paper the support it needs to keep on expanding and growing more attractive.

—The ink throwers were indulging in their fiendish work again Saturday evening last, and several young ladies had their gowns bespattered with a black fluid resembling ink. It was thought the dirty sneaks had decided to let up on their devilish tricks, but it would appear now that they are making a new beginning again.—St. Marys Enterprise.

—The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. Institute Association of Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania will be held in Portville, N. Y., Wednesday, February 8th, in the temple at 11:00 a. m. Officers will be elected for the ensuing year and other important business transacted. Any Unions in Potter, McKean, Allegany and Cattaraugus counties not already enrolled in the Association are most cordially invited to join at this time.

—Ruby loafers in the N. P. L. league this year will receive $15.00 a team for $100 which they will have paid in. The McKean Protective League of Sayre, which is composed of the same boys will receive $52.10 on the same rate of pay. This does not show much profit to the valley bowlers who hope to receive two dollars for every game they put in.

—Mrs. Mary Cleary, wife of Patrick Cleary, a plumber, died at her home on South Center street, Bradford, last Friday afternoon, from the effects of which she died at the Bradford hospital on Saturday. The deceased was 47 years of age and is survived by her husband; two sons and one daughter. No cause is known for the rash act. She had been a resident of Bradford for the past ten years.

—During the past year 1,650 postoffices were robbed, as compared with 1,969 during the previous year. There were 2,365 arrests, of which 417 were postoffice burglars, as compared with 2,398 arrests during the previous year, of which 416 were postoffice burglars. Of the number arrested 109 were postmasters, 35 assistant postmasters, 95 clerks, 225 railway postal clerks, 35 city letter carriers, 37 rural letter carriers and 19 were mail carriers, and 1,579 were persons not connected with the postal service.

—St. Marys is making great preparations for the entertainment of the Odd Fellows and the large crowds expected to accompany them when they go to that place on April 26th to observe the Elk-McKean anniversary. Many predict that it will be one of the biggest days St. Marys has ever witnessed, for those who have the arrangements in hand are most capable and are going ahead with that one sole object in view.

—The JoJo correspondent to the Kane Leader says: On Saturday last a couple of charitably inclined Kaneites visited our town and attempted to reform one of the frail damsels of the dance house. They succeeded to the extent of $18 in money, two rings and a revolver. After securing these they left for Kane. They were visited next morning by said young damsel and compelled to disgorge handsomely.

—The Travellers' Club celebrated its nineteenth anniversary last Saturday afternoon from three to five o'clock. This meeting was largely attended by both members and guests. An entertaining and instructive program was rendered, a special feature being the recital by the various members how she earned the dollar she put into the treasury. Dainty refreshments were served and all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

—Patrick Reynolds, a Grand Army veteran and a resident of Fox township, was found dead by the side of the road near the Buena Vista farm, a short distance out of Ridgway, about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. It seems that Mr. Reynolds had been in Ridgway several days following the receipt of his pension and that he had been on his way home when overtaken by sickness, presumably heart trouble, which caused his death. He is survived by two sons, Joseph, who lives at Kersey, and William, who is a resident of Buffalo.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

—We learn from the Austin Autograph that "on Saturday the 14th inst. District Attorney Harry Nelson caused the arrest of our chief burgess and the members of the borough council, for maintaining a nuisance. The trouble arose over a piece of sidewalk on Second street, almost directly opposite the court house. It seems that this piece of walk was laid several years ago, according to the old grade, and now since the side walk grade has been changed, the old piece of walk is several inches below those on either side, making a dangerous trap for the borough, and in wet, sloppy times, a very disagreeable thing to cross.

—James Penfield of Ridgway, who called the attention of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission to the brave act of H. H. Rhines in saving the life of the Kennedy child who fell into Elk creek recently at that place, has received from R. M. Wilmot, manager of the commission, request for full information concerning the case. The manager's letter outlines the nature of the particulars desired and asks for the names, ages and occupations of at least three eye witnesses of the act. A complete account of the accident and the manner in which the rescue was effected and the nature of the work which the rescuer ran is also solicited. Mr. Wilmot states that news paper clippings may be sent with the statement, but are not to be considered as a part of the same.

Frank Lyons, who is supposed to be a resident of Cleveland, arrived in Bradford yesterday afternoon and after registering at the Hanley, started out in search of a new line of goods. He visited three dealers in sporting goods and told them that he wanted to go on a wildcat hunt. At each place he inquired to see if he could locate a wildcat and that he would start for the tall pines this morning. Two actions of Lyons created the suspicion of the police and Fire Chief Carson. Chief Murray arrested him on suspicion and is holding him in expectation of learning something of his "game" from other cities which he has visited. Lyons is a well dressed, genteel-looking chap and a smooth talker.—Monday's Bradford Star-Record. It has later developed that he made a practice of renting guns and golfing in other towns where he did good work. As he had not actually committed a crime in Bradford he was released.

The Fort Allegany Reporter remarks: Say, we have a set of teeth in this office, found near the river bridge and left here more than two years ago. At that time they were advertised as found, with the further information that the editor had no use for them. Up till now there has been no change in the situation, in fact we are not so badly off as two years ago, having bought one of Albee & Seltz's Little Giant cutters, and really don't need any teeth of any sort, as we don't chew tobacco nor gum. There is a dollar charge up against the teeth, for advertising, but they are good teeth, evidently made in town and are not one of the Roes & Seerbuck brand. They have never been used much, certainly not any since we have had them. Haven't even been tried on to see if they'll fit. They are quite large, evidently belong to a woman with lots of mouth. If the owner will please call and get them, the charges will be rebated. Of course the property will have to be proved, as we don't propose to get bit by giving them to the wrong party. If they are yours come in and get them.

The Earth Wouldn't Satisfy Him.

"He knocked me down with a gold nugget," said the man with the bandaged head. "Get out o' this court!" said the Georgia justice. "You're one o' these fellows who wouldn't be happy if you were swallowed by a gold mine!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Easy Way to Secure Worms.

Take water in which walnut hulls have soaked overnight and pour it on a spot of ground. In a very few hours the fishing-worms will come to the surface and can easily be secured for your expedition.

The Helpless Bachelor.

The married man lives scientifically; he never pays a bill twice or thrice over because he has lost the receipt. The bachelor lives unscientifically. He is robbed right and left; he is the prey of every footpad that lurks behind counters.—London Sketch.

Old fashioned garments are naturally unfamiliar to five-year-old Helen. Recently she was looking at the pictures in a somewhat ancient magazine and observed an engraving of a woman equipped with far spreading crinoline.

"Oh, mamma, look!" she exclaimed. "Here's a foolish lady who's wearing her hat for a skirt!"—Woman's Home Companion.

To see the first gray hair arrive
Will fill a woman's heart with woe,
But man to grief you cannot drive
Until he sees his last one go.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Oldun—I hope you and your husband live happily together.

Mrs. Strongunduf—I should say we do. I'd just like to see him live unhappily with me!—Wasp.

A man can grow forests both deep and wide,
Luxurious birches and pines;
He can grow oak trees with the greatest of ease
And acres of shrubs and vines,
He can grow choice fruits on the topmost boughs,
On which the nations are fed,
But he can't grow a thatch on the little bald patch
On the top of his well tilled head.
—Mount Tom Herald.

Teacher—Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason?

Bright Boy—Yes'm. If we had instinct we would know everything we needed to without learning it, but we've got the reason and have to study ourselves most blind or be a fool.—Good News.

An aviator should be good,
So when he's flying extra high
And nothing works just as it should
He'll have a mansion in the sky.
—Puck.

"You are always looking into the mirror. You should not be so vain."

"But not vain. I don't think I'm half so good looking as I really am."—Stray Stories.

You say that I'm fickle and insincere,
But I solemnly swear it's untrue.
I eagerly admire styles other girls wear,
For the traits that remind me of you.
—Judgment's.

"Why—er—yes," Miss Goodley admitted, "perhaps you did hear me telling the minister I was only twenty-two."

"Oh, I'm surprised!" exclaimed Miss Gaddie. "And you a Sabbath school teacher, too!"

"But," Miss Goodley protested, "the minister himself has told us it's always better to underestimate a thing than to exaggerate."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Maud cannot sing, recite or dance,
Paint china, write a ballad,
But she can tell the chefs of France
At making lettuce salad.
—Detroit Free Press.

Good Groceries

We hold on C[illegible] by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AN TOBACCO

—AND—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIP OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

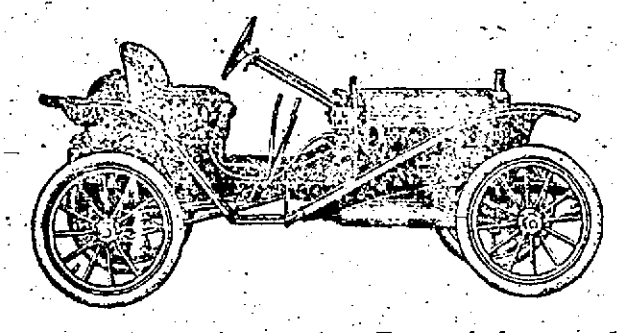
Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

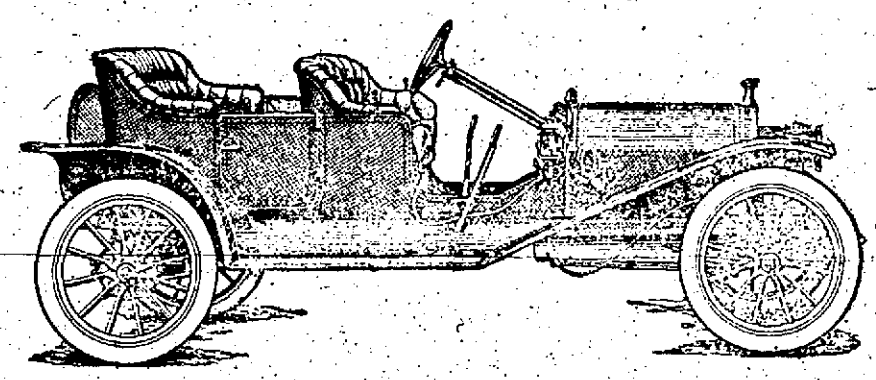
Most Economical High-Class Car in the World

Hupmobile

Guaranteed For Life



4 Cyl., 20 H. P., Shaft Drive, Sliding Gear Transmission, Bosch Magneto, Speed 45 Miles per Hour . . $750



Touring Car, - $900

AGENT WANTED FOR THIS TERRITORY

SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE BUFFALO AUTO SHOW, FEB. 6 - 12

MASON B. HATCH

729 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. MALTIN,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1911.

A bill now before the legislature proposes to license all barbers and make them pay $5 per year for such license. Such a bill ought to meet with overwhelming defeat.

Margaret Shipley, the blind girl at McKeesport, who fasted for eight days, believing that by so doing she would regain her eyesight, was disappointed, but says she will try again.

The reign of Alfonso of Spain is at a critical point. The pretender, Manuel, backed by Mlle. Gaby Deslys, of world fame, is making it more than interesting for Alfonso and furthermore there are rumors of domestic infelicity between the king and queen.

The Standard Oil Company has brought suit against Hampton's Magazine for $350,000 damages for alleged libel. The alleged libelous article pointed out that glucose is used in candy making and added that the agents of the Standard Oil in eastern Pennsylvania and lower New Jersey had been arrested, brought into court, branded as deliberate poisoners of little children.

There is much excitement all over the country about the mysterious disappearance of Miss Dorothy Arnold, who left the home of her wealthy parents in New York on December 12. A large reward has been offered for information of her whereabouts and the police departments of the United States and many foreign countries are making every possible effort to find the young lady.

The hue and cry of last autumn caused many McKean county voters to support fusion candidates and this result has caused some people to reach the conclusion that McKean county has been totally lost to the Republican party. This conclusion is erroneous. With judicious men in the leadership of the party and the right kind of candidates, McKean county Republicans will again do business at the old stand, later on.—Bradford Era.

Disclosures of a sensational nature were made of the fact that in a raid on an opium den in New York last week customs inspectors found a mass of documentary evidence which will probably result in the solution of the Elsie Segal and other murder mysteries and which establishes the existence of corrupt relations between a syndicate of Chinese criminals and police officials in New York and other cities. These revelations started a searching investigation. As not all of the confiscated papers have been translated from the Chinese, it is likely that revelations even more shocking than those which have been made will follow.

An explosion of 25 tons of dynamite at a pier end, near the Central railroad of New Jersey's passenger ferry slip at Communipaw, at noon yesterday, killed at least a score of persons, injured more than 150 others and wrecked everything in the vicinity, including the Central's big terminal. At the same time the terrific force of the blow up reached through the underlying strata of rock, not only Manhattan, Brooklyn, Richmond and the Bronx, but far away points in Long Island and Connecticut, rocking sky scrapers, smashing glass, tearing away window frames and sending tens of thousands of men and women into the streets, fearful that an earthquake or some other vast natural turmoil was upon them.

The jury in the Schenk poisoning case at Wheeling, W. Va., disagreed on Friday. Eleven jurors stood for acquittal and one for conviction. On Saturday Mrs. Schenk, who is accused of attempting to poison her husband, was released on her own recognizance awaiting a new trial. Both Mr. and Mrs. Schenk have started suits for divorce. Although the evidence in the case was very strong against Mrs. Schenk, popular sentiment in that vicinity seems to be for her. The juror who held out for conviction was discharged by his employers and he was even threatened with violence by the populace. This sentiment in face of the evidence leads the outsider to believe that those who know the facts from close range must be of the opinion that much of the evidence against this woman was manufactured.

Senator Baldwin's bill to provide for the erection of a suitable monument in or near Bradford, in memory of Thomas McKean, the distinguished Pennsylvanian after whom this county was named, is a measure that should be adopted. The bill asks for an appropriation of $10,000 to meet the expenses of the memorial and the amount specified is not excessive. Thomas McKean was prominent in the early history of the State as a leader in the organization and development of new and improved conditions. He was president of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, first chief justice of the State supreme court and thrice governor of Pennsylvania. He made for himself a place in the history of the State and nation, and deserved the highest honors. The commonwealth should long since have shown its appreciation of his services by a suitable monument to him, in McKean county. It is to be hoped that the State legislature will take favorable action on the bill presented by Mr. Baldwin.—Bradford Era.

A comparatively few years ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, a boy left high school in order to make a living. He found a job in a shop at $4.50 a week and took it, much to the disgust of some of his associates, who at present are earning $18 a week as clerks and bookkeepers. Young Farrell didn't particularly like the job, so he concluded to get a better one by making himself so valuable that he would be promoted. In the meantime he saved some of his salary. Most of his friends were spending a little more than they earned and were complaining of too much work and too little pay, while they smoked cigarettes.

Young Farrell continued to be dissatisfied and kept on working so hard that he practically compelled his employers to give him better positions. The other day he was elected president of the largest corporation in the world—United States steel—at a salary of $100,000 a year. And he is worth every cent of it. His predecessors in office were men who began at $1.50 per day. The man who succeeds Farrell will not be the son of a multi-millionaire, but one who has made good by hard work and intelligence. We mention these facts because there is such an impression abroad that the young man has no chance now. There are many who think that before corporations arose to power the young man had a much better opportunity.

It only needs to be pointed out that in the days of individual manufacturing success depended upon exceptional ability or some patent, and that the man at the head of such an institution almost always put his sons or sons-in-law into the business, so that there was no chance for the hard-working young fellows outside the family. Nowadays, the men who are going to be the future rulers of the great corporations of all kinds are poor young boys. You cannot inherit executive ability and experience. The latter comes by years of patient toil such as few rich men's sons will endue. The boys of to-day can become the magnates of the future if they are earnest, intelligent and have the ability.

GOOD ROADS.

Gov. Tener has recommended in his inaugural message the extension of good roads from county seat to county seat. This is as good a plan as any, keeping in mind all the time that the connecting road should always choose the route that will serve the greatest population, even at the expense of deviating somewhat from an air line, for the travel of the people is not from one county seat to another, but from the thickly populated rural section toward the principal towns.

A road from Smethport to Ridgway by an air line would be impractical. A road by way of Mt. Jewett and Kane would be good, for it would connect three towns of this county and in passing by Wilcox and Johnsonburg would serve the same purpose in Elk.

Of course straight roads could connect with towns on the side by side roads, but the probability is that such a system of roads would require more road construction and the travel of more mileage to serve the people, for the travel must be where the people are, and there the roads should go, even though not so straight, for a traveler cannot travel until he gets to some place to travel.

The policy of the state seems to be to spend the money. It is probably all right, for while public improvements are needed we may as well go ahead and provide for them. A good road pays for itself just as any other good improvement does, the one question being that of funds.

On this subject of funds a great deal turns, but it is as well to have money for roads as for partisan friends to steal, and that is what plenty leads to.—Kane Leader.

WOMAN TOOK SICK ON TRAIN.

After a Long Journey From the West to Falls Creek, Pa., was Victim of Heart Failure.

Saturday's Kane Republican says: Yesterday afternoon, shortly after train 202, which arrives here from Falls Creek at 3:05, left that place a woman who had traveled with a lady companion from the far west and had been on the train for several days in the hope of getting home as soon as possible, became very ill, and for a time it looked as though she was going to expire on the train, but her companion, with the assistance of the conductor and bakeman, gave her stimulants which revived her until she got to Ridgway, where a physician was summoned who administered the necessary antidotes that made her feel well enough to continue her journey to her destination which was Colegrove, Pa., this county.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1911.

First and final account of T. F. Mullin, administrator of the estate of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was guardian of Eugene Duke Mullin, minor child of Mary A. Mullin, deceased.

First and final account of Hollie E. Robinson, administrator of the estate of James Monroe Robinson, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gorton, Ancillary administrator C. T. A. of the Last Will and Testament of F. F. Williams, deceased.

First and final account of Celestia R. Carpenter, administratrix of the estate of Peter R. Davis, deceased.

First and partial account of B. H. Duntley, administrator of the estate of Isaac Duntley, deceased.

First and final account of Walter Newton, executor of the last Will and Testament of C. D. Seaman, deceased.

Second and final account of John Shea and Margaret Shea, administrators C. T. A. of the last Will and Testament of James Shea, deceased.

First and final account of D. C. Young, administrator of the estate of F. O. Richmond deceased.

First and final account of D. C. Young, executor of the last Will and Testament of Mary E. Richmond, deceased.

First and final account of David Howells, administrator of the estate of William H. Pritchard, deceased.

JOHN R. EASTMAN,
Register.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1911. Feb.2-3t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 145, October Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha McEachern, did on the 15th day of August, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John H. McEachern:

We therefore command you, the said John H. McEachern that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha McEachern and show cause if any you have, why the said Bertha McEachern, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 146, October Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Pearl Weiger, did on the 21st day of July, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Weiger.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Weiger, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Pearl Weiger and show cause if any you have, why the said Pearl Weiger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 172, October Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Goldie O'Neil, did on the 29th day of August, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank O'Neil.

We therefore command you, the said Frank O'Neil, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Goldie O'Neil and show cause if any you have why the said Goldie O'Neil your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 176, October Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clifton H. Peet, did on the 31st day of August, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Susie Hover Peet.

We therefore command you, the said Susie Hover Peet, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clifton H. Peet and show cause if any you have why the said Clifton H. Peet your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
WM H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Thos. H. Morrison, Libellant's Atty.

LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. R. Tanner, present residence, Eldred, Pa., occupation, bottler, for the transfer of a bottler's license granted to the said E. R. Tanner, May 9, 1910, at a building on the west side of Railroad Street, opposite the Pennsylvania Depot, in the Borough of Eldred, McKean County, Pa., at June Sessions, 1910, to sell, bottle and vend malted and brewed liquors by quantities of not less than twelve pint bottles, to a two-story frame building situate on the north side of Elm Street and between Platts and Bennett Streets, in the said Borough of Eldred, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of February, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m.

FRANK H. FOSTER,
Clerk.
January 31, 1911. Feb.2-3t

The Matrimonial Test.

To those contemplating matrimony, I would recommend them to defer their decision till they have played bridge with the object of their affections.—Lady Gordon, in Plymouth (Eng.) Mail.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellow Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court-House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
—Office hours—1 to 2 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. P. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 25 years Experience.
Office: Anderson & Carlson Block.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hotel is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repaired and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

$3.75

For A Suit of Clothing

Not our best but a GOOD SUIT. You can take our best suit at

$13.95

All suits and overcoats below cost. Your choice of Black and Blues as well as Fancy Patterns.

Give us a call

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

THE ATTRACTIVE QUALITY
in a shoe is a great factor in its favor; but it is not its only virtue. Others of equal importance is its comfort and durability. In a shoe that combines all three of these desirable points is the perfect shoe, one often hard to find when you do not know where to seek. Here they are in plenty, and they don't cost you any more than the unsatisfactory kind.
The good ones are to be found at
ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, - - - Penna.

Brasted's Finest in BAKERY Goods
Groceries and Confectionery.

Mid-Winter Sale of Clothing

This is our Annual Clean-up. Nothing is reserved. The greatest price reduction in the history of the business. We have

$25,000

worth of High Grade Clothing to sell. Come early.

SALE STARTS TO-DAY

In Children's Suits and Overcoats
we have made a wonderful cut in prices.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Love's Great Power.
Channing: Love is the life of the all. It is the harmony of the universe.

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in
Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch-repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

Real Estate Bargains

The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.
Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.
Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.

Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

SHOT TO PIECES

Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing have been greatly Reduced.
NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES
—Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

Inventory and Remnants.

The annual inventory brings to light hundreds of small lots and short pieces that must be sold—

Sold Cheap, of course, because remnants must be cheap to sell, and they have to sell. We cannot store them away so have marked them with size and price—marked them so low that if you want remnants you cannot help but buy.

We have put these on the tables and for one week everything in remnants line will take first place.

See them Friday morning and for one week (or until they are gone.)

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK'S

New

PLUMBING STOCK

Just Received

Work done Satisfactorly and promptly.

Daly & Garlick's

HARDWARE

Smethport, - - - - - Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 2, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Valentines are advertised by H. C. Wells this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, on Sunday, January 29, 1911, a girl.

—Mrs. Fred D. Gallup entertained at six-hand euchre Wednesday afternoon.

—The divorce notices for the February term of criminal court appear in this issue.

—Misses Flossie and Theo Freeman entertained the Sewing Club at their home Tuesday evening.

—Michael Schmidt, die-maker at the Backus novelty plant, is moving his family here from Buffalo.

—Mrs. Claude W. Shattuck entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Union street yesterday afternoon.

—Miss Rachel Mayo entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street last Saturday afternoon.

—Paul DeGolier Barrett, a well-known Bradford young man, died in that city Saturday morning. He was aged 24 years.

—Mrs. Charles T. Barr, aged 31 years, died at her home in Bradford on Friday of last week. She is survived by her husband and one son.

—Joe Shoemaker of Olean and well known in Smethport, and Miss Minnie Castle of Hornell were united in marriage at the latter place on Sunday last.

—Daniel Allen and Miss Louise Shoemaker of Olean were married on Monday last. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mont Shoemaker formerly of this borough.

—Mrs. F. A. Green entertained a large party of young ladies and gentlemen at her home on King street last evening in honor of her daughters, Misses Lois and Hazel.

—Mrs. D. L. Forsythe entertained the officers and teachers of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school at a one o'clock luncheon on Saturday. Covers were laid for twelve.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning the subject will be "Whatsoever Things Are Excellent." The evening subject will be "Some Unpreempted Fields."

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold a cooked food sale Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Mrs. Bisett's store. Lots of good things will be on sale, and everybody is invited.

—The Second Division of the Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church will give a minstrel show at the Lyceum on Wednesday, February 22, for the benefit of the church. Further particulars will be given later.

—The Backus Novelty Company has completed its negotiations for the building of the Smethport Cut Glass Co., and the sale will be closed as soon as the balance of the stock of the former company is sold.

—The second quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was held in the chapel of the church in this place Monday evening. District Superintendent Rev. S. A. Morse of Olean presided at the meeting.

—The Smethport Rubber Company has resumed operations after a shut down of about six weeks. This plant is continually growing and, judging from the orders for inner tubes already booked, this will be an extremely busy season for this concern.

—Hog cholera has been found near Bradford. Eleven hogs and 40 pigs belonging to Foster & Straight in Gates Hollow are said to be stricken with that disease and the whole pen has been put under quarantine for a period of 90 days.

—The Bell Telephone company has caused to be published and circulated among its patrons, convenient new telephone directories for McKean and Warren counties, showing the list of subscribers in Bradford, Kane, Smethport, Warren, etc.

—Mrs. John Witt and son desire to thank all their friends and neighbors, and especially the manager of the bottle workers of the Berney-Bond Glass Co.'s plant, who so kindly assisted them during the illness and death of their husband and father.

—D. C. McCready and Miss Emma Evans, both of Keating township, were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove on Monday, January 30, 1911. The happy couple have a host of friends in this vicinity who wish them a long and happy married life.

—A number of lovers of sport in this place have leased a large tract of land south of Smethport for a game and fish preserve. A suitable club house will be erected on the land. This is an excellent move and we expect to be able to tell more about it in the near future.

—Dr. Roller, the eminent physician athlete, gave an exhibition of wrestling at Luna Park pavilion, Bradford, on Monday night. He threw DeSantel of Montreal and Smith of Cleveland twice each in this exhibition. The Bradford papers say it was an excellent exhibition.

—The Second Division of The Travelers' Club will give an entertainment Monday evening, Feb. 13, at the Methodist Episcopal church. Judge Bouton will talk on "Marriage and Divorce" which will be followed by a varied program of a literary and musical character by the best of home talent. Tickets 25 cents, children 15 cents.

—County Commissioners John A. Peterson and A. M. Marsh and Dr. W. A. Ostrander have returned from the State Hospital for the Insane where they have been investigating the condition of McKean county inmates. There are nearly 100 patients there from this county including Bradford and the average cost per patient per year is about $200. The commissioners and doctor speak in the highest terms of the way that institution is conducted.

—Co-operative insurance seems to be getting its jolts in this county. Insurance is a good thing, but when a man tries to show you how you are going to get more than four or five per cent. on your money, in insurance or anything else, it is a safe proposition to pass him along to the next one. Things that pay big returns are not hunting people to share the big returns. They don't need to. Remember that and don't be a sucker.—Kane Leader.

—The Pomona Grange of McKean county held a meeting here yesterday which was largely attended by members throughout the county. State Master Hon. W. T. Creasy was present and addressed the audience at the afternoon and evening sessions and his talks were highly instructive and well received. The excellent program published in last week's issue was very successfully carried out, and all in all the meeting was a grand success.

—On Monday evening, February 13, Judge Joseph W. Bouton will deliver an address on "Marriage and Divorce," which should be heard by every person in this community. Judge Bouton is an able speaker and his long experience as a lawyer and judge together with his natural ability as an observer of conditions makes him eminently fitted to speak intelligently and instructively on this important subject and his many friends throughout this section will be glad of an opportunity to hear him.

—E. T. Daly, not to be outdone by his fellow liveryman, County Detective E. W. Jones, has been doing a little detective work on his own hook and reports that he has found in the wilds near Irish Hollow a moonshine still. Mr. Daly informs the writer that the method for making "moonshine" is rather crude and the whiskey is tried on animals before being taken by the makers. A jack rabbit is caught and given a teaspoonful of the concoction and if bunny, within three minutes after taking the dose, whips a wildcat, the "moonshine" is suitable for use, if not it has to go through the still again.

ROUGH ON RATS.

There's a merry war in sight between Edward Bok and Prof. Jane Fales, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. Of course, everybody knows who Edward Bok is, but Prof. Jane Fales requires an introduction. She is director of the department of textiles and clothing of Teachers' College, Columbia University. And she says that "false hair is not an invention of modern woman, as Mr. Bok in his recent article in the Ladies' Home Journal seems to think, for false hair and rats' were worn by Ekyptian women 6,000 B. C."

What license does Prof. Fales' knowledge of textiles and clothing confer upon her to dispute Mr. Bok's authority in another field? If she were an Egyptologist or a hairdresser, her opinion on rats might have some weight. If it were Canton flannel or the hobble gown that were under discussion, she might be listened to attentively. But for a plain professor of dress goods to talk pompously about rats in 6000 B. C. is rather too strong. It's the same as if the milkman were to stop his cart while he discoursed upon the quality of the Chianti imbibed by Q. Horatius Flaccus.

To dispute with Mr. Bok is even worse. He occupies in the modern world a position very much like that of the Delphic sibyl. Upon a vast variety of topics, from the best way to remove grease spots in taffeta waists to the proper period and intensity of mourning for a mother-in-law, he is our supreme authority and court of last resort. If he says that rats are a modern invention, they probably are. Indeed, his assertion fits in with the known fact that cats were sacred in Egypt, and the feline acolytes of the temples would keep down the rodent population most effectively.

What does Prof. Fales know about hieroglyphics? Could she read one line on the Rosetta stone or thread Cleopatra's needle? It will be lucky for her if Mr. Bok takes no note of her presumption. Were his wrath aroused, she might bitterly rue having stirred him up, for with all the resources of his wonderful emporium of information where would she be at? Let her stick to her laces and ribbons, hosiery and lingerie, chemisettes and petticoats, but give Egyptology and peruques a wide berth henceforth.

House and Lot for Sale or Rent on Willow street, Smethport, Pa.
Jan.26-4t-pd Mrs. Walter E. Evans.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dan Cooper was in Bradford Wednesday.

Frank Creighton of Ridgway is the guest of Miss Sarah Greer.

Sheridan Gorton was a Bradford business visitor Wednesday.

Henry Hagberg of Perry, N. Y., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Bliven.

Mrs. Frank Stark of Bradford is the guest of friends in town this week.

Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of Kane was the guest of Mrs. S. R. Lindsley this week.

D. M. Braisted and Elmer E. Heath returned Tuesday from a trip to Cleveland.

John Engstrom of Jamestown, N. Y., passed Sunday with relatives in this place.

Hon. T. A. Morrison and Sheriff W. H. Morrison were Bradford visitors Monday.

Miss Pearl Learn of Eldred was the guest of Miss Margaret Koenig over Sunday.

Paul Apple returned to State College Thursday, where he will resume his studies.

Mrs. Rose M. Orr is visiting in town, the guest of her neice, Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Howard Brownell was visiting friends and relatives in Farmers Valley Wednesday.

Mrs. J. N. Daly and daughter, Josephine, of Pittsburg were guests of Mrs. Bisett over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick departed Tuesday for Philadelphia where they expect to spend a few days.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove returned home Wednesday after a few days' visit with Smethport relatives.

Edward and Frank Barry drove over from Coleville Sunday and were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog.

Miss Martha Chadwick of Canisteo who has been visiting friends and relatives here, left yesterday for her home.

W. H. Jenkins and W. D. Morey spent Sunday in Bradford, Mr. Jenkins leaving Monday afternoon for Hornell, N. Y.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper returned to her home in Hornell, N. Y., after a week's visit at he hoine of her son, W. B. Hopper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham returned home Monday evening from Clarendon, Pa., where they have been guests of relatives and friends.

Geo. H. Thompson, District Superintendent of The Children's Home Society of Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburg, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. T. F. Williams and little son, Crosby, who have been visiting the former's mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman, returned to their home in Butler last Saturday.

Mrs. Amelia Crisni of Ulysses, Pa., Mrs. George Williams of Gold, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. John Knapp of Kane, Pa., were week-end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey.

Mrs. W. R. Fulmer has returned from a six weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Mullin at Bridgeport, Ill. At church there one Sunday she says the minister took for his subject The Cheerful Giver, and branched out by saying they did not want any money, having all they needed. This is a very unusual condition.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending January 28th, 1911:

Buchanan, Miss Dollie
Carimirro, Mr. Enoi
Culberwell, Mr. Andrew
Edwards, Mrs. J.
Kopr, Miss Margaret
Paterson, F. A.
Waters, Mr. Geo. C.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

We are going to Wind up Our Big Sale

of Clothing by offering the rest of our Suits and Overcoats at exactly

1-2 PRICE

Suits and Overcoats that were $10, 12.50, $15, $18 & $20 NOW $5, $6.25, $7.50, $9 & $10

Terms of Sale: CASH;—any alterations charged for; but we will return the money if the purchase proves unsatisfactory. Sale ends January 31, 1911.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

Fry & Comes

600 yards Torchon Insertion

at 2 cents per yard.

This is a clearance of a lot of insertions for which matched edges have become exhausted. Most of this is in perfect condition, only a few pieces being slightly soiled. Widths from ½ to 2½ inch. Just the thing to trim mull or net curtains or for many other uses which will readily suggest themselves to you.

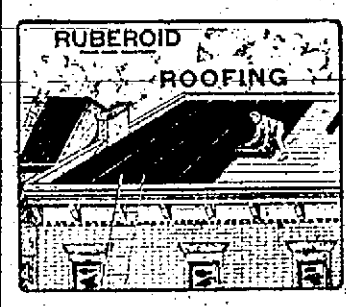
The price is ridiculously CHEAP.

30 Tam-O-Shanter Caps at 15c

The balance of our stock of this practical headwear, school girls and older folks, too—White and all colors. Regular price 25c. to $1.00

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

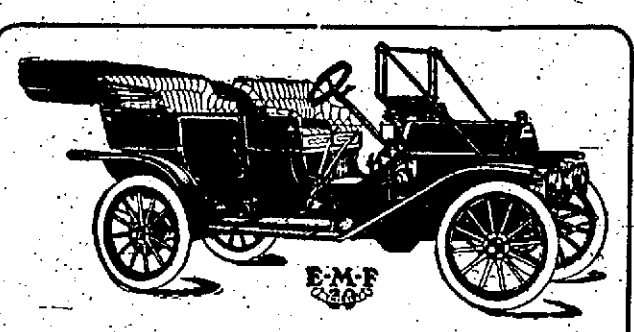
It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30. FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a mechanical miracle, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 108 inch wheel base, selective sliding, change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00; silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the very best car ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the beautiful big six cylinder PEERLESS. Price $6000.000, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist; who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire retiners, patches, and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

WHITE PUFF FLOUR

Costs no more than other flour.

It is made for those people who care enough about bread to notice the difference in different kinds.

Try a sack and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

THE FORTUNE TELLER'S MAGIC

Keen Observation More Reliable Than Occult Science.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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John E. Saintsbury died at his home in Davenport, Ia., two years ago. His will gave his widow a life interest in the estate, which at her death was to pass entire to their daughter Ethel, then seventeen years old. The property consisted of a comfortable house, a business that paid a fair income and an incipient lawsuit against a firm of brokers in New York through which Mr. Saintsbury had secretly gambled in stocks.

The New York firm was apparently evading the payment of a considerable

"I WILL ASK THEM MYSELF," SAID REDMOND.

sum. Mr. Saintsbury had been consistently unlucky for a long time, but had come at last to that change of fortune which is not impossible even in a game where the odds against the player are so monstrous as they are in Wall street. His sudden winnings, even on paper, did not equal his protracted losses, but they amounted to many thousands of dollars, and when Mr. Saintsbury perceived that he was likely to be cheated of this mass he suffered a nervous shock which had much to do with his death.

This whole matter was a close secret. Nobody in Davenport knew anything about it except Mr. Saintsbury and a lawyer. After Mr. Saintsbury's death the lawyer went to New York and Ethel went to collect the sum that was due. Finding it out of the question to collect it, he left the matter in charge of a New York lawyer and returned to Davenport.

The New York lawyer pleaded a case and got a verdict, and started to proceed against the brokers for four of whom the brokers, on which recent their creditors would have got about a cent on the dollar. But in the course of this the condition of the brokers' firm improved, and at last it seemed best that Mrs. Saintsbury should go to New York and that proceedings should be begun in earnest.

Accordingly Mrs. Saintsbury and Ethel set forth for the metropolis. None of their friends knew the real cause of their journey.

Ethel Saintsbury had now passed her nineteenth birthday. She was a girl of superior mental power, a brilliant and diligent student, with a somewhat masculine aptitude for science and mathematics.

When the mother and daughter reached New York they went at once to a small hotel where apartments had been engaged for them. The rooms were at the rear, and the windows looked out upon the backs of houses in the next street.

It was ordained that Ethel Saintsbury should have leisure to contemplate the view that has been mentioned, for in alighting from her carriage at the door she turned her ankle in very painful fashion, so that she was unable to walk for ten days.

For this reason the business which had brought them to New York was transacted chiefly in the ladies' apartment. Thither came the lawyer who was in charge of the case, and thither came also a young gentleman named Dudley Wayne, who used to be known as "Deadly" Wayne when he played football for Harvard some years ago. He is now an assistant district attorney of New York, and he was called into the discussion because certain acts of the brokers' firm aforementioned seemed to have a criminal aspect.

Doubtless there was as handsome and as worthy fellows in Davenport but Ethel Saintsbury had been blind to their merits. Dudley Wayne took her by surprise. She had not supposed there were any men like him. She was in love with him before she knew it.

Wayne meanwhile had progressed ever further. He know that he was crazy. He could see Miss Saintsbury sitting in the chairs in his office; she waited for him at every turn of his daily path, and alone in his rooms he talked with her two hours every night before he went to bed.

On a certain forenoon Mrs. Saintsbury went shopping, and in one of the stores she met an old acquaintance. This was a Mrs. Lowell of Davenport, a widow with abundant means and a child's vivid joy in living. She greeted Mrs. Saintsbury with enthusiasm.

"I've been in New York a week," said she. "I came up from Palm Beach to meet my son. He returned from abroad this morning."

Mrs. Saintsbury knew that young Mr. Lowell had been in Italy studying music, for which art he was supposed to have unusual gifts.

"I have invited some people for this evening—mostly musical people, of course," continued Mrs. Lowell. "You and Ethel must come."

As a result of this chance encounter Mrs. Saintsbury and her daughter went out for the first time in the evening since their arrival in New York.

About 9:30 of the evening Ethel Saintsbury and Arthur Lowell sat in a corner of the ornate drawing room.

Lowell, who was a creature of enthusiasm and superlatives, was telling about a wonderful man whom he had met abroad and had had as a companion of the voyage across. This gentleman's name was Redmond, and he possessed miraculous powers of divination.

"I hope he'll come," said Lowell for the tenth time.

"Did he tell your fortune?" asked Miss Saintsbury, whose disbelief in psychic marvels was based upon the firm rock of scientific education.

"Rather!" exclaimed Lowell. "He read me through and through." And he proceeded to give details of the usual sort—such things as may be read at a glance by any shrewd and practical man. In the midst of this recital Redmond arrived.

"Look at him," whispered Lowell. "Wouldn't you know that he was a wonder? See how queerly his black hair is sprinkled with gray. Somebody on the ship said that an angel had laid her hand on Redmond's head and left the print of her fingers. Doesn't it look so?"

"Yes," said Miss Saintsbury. "But it didn't happen."

"Oh, you're a skeptic. You don't believe in anything."

"I believe in nothing except the scientific method, and only very moderately in that."

"You'll believe in my friend Redmond if you ever give him a chance to convince you."

In view of this situation nobody will be surprised to learn that Redmond got his chance.

It is only just to say that Redmond bore no likeness to the conventional dabbler in wonders. His manner was easy and natural, recognizably British, yet softened by contact with continental society. He did not thrust his special gift upon the attention of others, but he showed no embarrassment about it. When Lowell urged an immediate annihilation of Miss Saintsbury's skepticism Redmond smiled at his friend's impetuosity and agreed to do his best.

They were seated in a large bay window and partly shielded from the observation of the other guests. Redmond took the girl's right hand by the tips of the fingers and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Perhaps," said he, "as we have only a few minutes you would like to ask me some direct test questions."

It was the idea that had been in her mind, but she perversely denied having any such desire.

"I will ask them myself," said Redmond, with a smile. "First, why have you come to New York? Second, what have you done since you came? Third, what is it that you think me least likely to know?"

"My word!" said Lowell under his breath. "That last question is a poser."

"With your permission?" said Redmond, and the girl inclined her head. "I must be very brief, for I see that we shall be interrupted almost immediately. You have come to New York upon a legal matter which in some of its aspects touches not only the civil but the criminal statutes. Since you came here you have been very quiet, because you sprained your right ankle on the day of your arrival. The matter which you think me least likely to know— Shall I proceed?"

"Yes," said she, but not without excitement.

"It is your interest in a tall young man of the blond type." He glanced over his shoulder and saw that he had but a few moments more in which to speak. "I foresee much happiness for you in the direction I have indicated," he continued. "But I feel bound to warn you that the young man stands in some peril. Let him guard himself carefully against a man about forty years old, of medium height and very heavily built. This man has short, curly, iron gray hair. He has a scar passing diagonally downward across his right eyebrow and appearing upon the cheek"—

"Mr. Redmond"—it was Mrs. Lowell who spoke—"you will sing for us now?"

"With pleasure," he replied and departed with his hostess.

"What do you think of my friend Redmond now?" said Lowell. "Isn't he marvelous?"

"I have not made up my mind about Mr. Redmond," said she, "but my position in regard to all fortune telling, mind reading and kindred marvels is wholly unchanged. I do not in the least believe in them."

"But did he tell you the truth?"

"In confidence, my friend, he did. Is there a telephone in this suit that I could use privately at once?"

"You mean to warn"—

"Precisely."

Five minutes later she was in communication with the bachelor apartment house where Dudley Wayne lived. The young man had been out all the evening, but while Miss Saintsbury was leaving a message that he should call her up he came in. To him by telephone she told exactly what had happened. Wayne was amazed.

"I know the fellow that Mr. Redmond described," said he. "I sent him to jail about two years ago."

"Has he got out?"

"I don't know. As I remember, it would be about this time. And it's a fact that he made some threats, but don't worry. He can't hurt me."

"Be careful. Oh Dudley, be careful! Mr. Redmond must have information. This fortune telling is nonsense, of course."

"Well, I don't know," responded Dudley. "It's the best of its kind that ever I heard of. How could he have known our secret, our blessed secret that is not twelve hours old? Have you told your mother?"

"No, not yet. Come to me tomorrow as early as you can, and please, please be careful."

Wayne went up to his apartment, having a strong impression of the miraculous upon his mind. He had spoken his first word of love to Ethel that afternoon.

When he opened the outer door of his little suit he noticed that all was dark. Yet he knew that he had left a small light in the private hall and another in the sitting room, which was at the end of the passage. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have given the matter a second thought, but the words which he had just heard were still in his ears, a dear voice bidding him preserve himself from peril.

Instead of passing through the hall to the sitting room he softly entered the bedroom and crept across it to the curtained doorway. Silently he drew aside the curtain and looked in. A dim figure was crouching by the hall door, and something gleamed faintly in its hand.

There was a revolver in a drawer of the dressing table. Wayne turned toward the place, and the floor creaked under his weight. Instantly the man who was lurking in the other room rushed in upon him, but Wayne was ready. He evaded the knife thrusts and struck the assailant down with his cane. The man fell forward, then rolled heavily upon his back and lay still. Wayne sprang to the button that controlled the lights, and the electric lamps flashed. Wayne looked down upon a face that he remembered—the face of a convict, a man about forty years old, with curly gray hair and a scar across his eye.

Perhaps if the affair had taken a less serious turn Mr. Redmond might have veiled his share of it in the mysteries of occult science, but when summoned to the district attorney's office to explain his advance knowledge of an intended homicide he told the truth with exemplary frankness.

Shortly after landing from the steamer he had gone to the apartments of a friend, a young English resident but a few months in this country. This man's windows looked directly across at those of the Saintsbury's, and he had naturally glanced over at the pretty girl with the sprained ankle. He had seen a man who looked like a lawyer in the room and the signing of

A FACE THAT HE REMEMBERED.

legal papers; he had observed Wayne's visits and had chanced to learn who he was.

Redmond on the afternoon which he had spent with his friend had seen Wayne kneel beside Miss Saintsbury's chair and kiss her hand, the gentle climax of their first love episode. Later, on the street, he had encountered Wayne and had observed him with a natural interest. And, having eyes that were keener than an eagle's, Redmond had remarked the sinister figure of the convict slouching upon Wayne's trail. In European capitals, as an attache of embassies, he had seen much of that sort of thing, and he knew that it meant mischief. Therefore he welcomed the opportunity to put the threatened man upon his guard through the agency of the woman who loved him, and if he had not been invited to tell Miss Saintsbury's fortune he would have disclosed what he knew in the ordinary way of conversation.

THE FOURTH ESSENCE

It Helped Its Owner to Obtain His Object.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Bob Pendleton and I had been friends for years until the inevitable woman stepped in between. For a while we were rivals for Eleanor's love, and then Pendleton lost out and disappeared entirely from our lives.

Eleanor lived only a few brief years, and I, who was then bereft of both friend and wife, was more alone than I had ever been. My business was of such a nature that I had much leisure—more than was good for me—and instead of returning to my home city, where old friends and old haunts awaited me, I closed the house where Eleanor and I had spent the brief and happy years of our married life and, winding up my business affairs, became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

I became absorbed in the study of Byzantine architecture and thus at the close of our year was lingering in Constantinople.

One night I was sitting in my favorite cafe dreaming over the events of the day when Pendleton's name sounded so distinctly in my ears that I leaped to my feet and looked around. The cafe was quite empty save for one or two Turks in a distant corner, the slipshod waiters and myself.

Bewildered, I sank back in my seat, only to be assailed by the insistent repetition of Pendleton's name. It seemed to be bearing against some inner consciousness and was not, as I had at first supposed, an actual vocal demonstration.

Then, forgetting the bitterness he had held against me and remembering only the pleasure of our long friendship, I was impelled to go to him. I felt that he needed me that same hour, in some way, he was calling me to come to him—and, following some blind instinct, I returned to my house, placed my courier in charge of my belongings, packed a portmanteau and at dawn the next morning had taken steamer for India.

With me constantly was the suggestion that Pendleton called me, and, as if bulled by this invisible thread of desire, I entered a new country. At Bhaugalpore I secured guides and hastened down to the ruins of the ancient city of Gaur.

We reached Gaur at sundown of a breathless day, and my arrival seemed to signal the departure of my fancies concerning Pendleton and his desire to see me. Once more I was the practical, level headed individual who had held Pendleton's churlish attitude slightly in contempt. I marveled at the devil that had brought me thousands of miles to the suburbs of Gaur, yet I was bound to take advantage of the opportunity and investigate the ruins. Then I would return to Constantinople, for India did not interest me at that time.

Perhaps we were a couple of miles distant from any habitable portion of the city, for here the ruins of ancient edifices were surrounded by a thick jungle, and, my guide, a low caste Hindu of *sizable stature*, told me that the jungle was infested with man eating tigers.

My men were well armed, and as we had made camp in the crumbling upper story of what had once been a beautiful tiled temple we felt secure from marauding beasts.

Before the swift dusk fell and while my men were preparing the evening meal I picked my way down the broken ramp that led from the second story and wandered curiously among the ruins.

There was little to be learned there, for most of the traces of that once beautiful medieval city were either overgrown with vines and shrubs or else lay at this hour in deep shadow. Rounding a high wall, I found myself in a small temple.

A tall Brahmin priest bent above a stone altar, and at the sound of my footsteps he turned and without evincing surprise at my intrusion calmly advanced and slid into place a slab of stone that served as a door, thus cutting off my retreat.

"Open that door, please," I commanded sharply.

I had spoken in English, and to my surprise he answered in the same tongue, and his voice was vaguely familiar.

"It is too late. I have sent for you, and you have come. Do you not recognize me, Brayton?" He lighted a resinous torch and, sticking it in the wall, held his face in its light.

I looked and stared and stared again, incredulous at first and then convinced that it was Bob Pendleton himself. His skin was burned to the color of mahogany; his hair was concealed under a folded white cloth; his eyebrows were shaven; and his black orbs rolled fiercely in their deep sockets. Handsome he was, as he ever had been, but wretchedly worn and emaciated and so changed from the handsome, buoyant fellow I had known that I might not have recognized him save for the deep bell notes of his voice. His fierce unfriendliness as expressed by the malignant glitter of his eyes brought forcibly to my mind our strained relations.

"Bob Pendleton! My God, man, what are you doing here?" I gasped at last.

"Waiting for you, Brayton," he said with an odd laugh.

"Waiting for me?" I repeated stupidly. "Why, that is why I came, of course. You needed me."

"Wanted you—I don't need you," he sneered. "But I called you, didn't I—across five seas and the empire of India?"

"By some superhuman power you did summon me. I am here. If you do not need me I will go. Bob, do you still hold that grudge against me? It was a fair fight and"—

He held up a long, thin hand. "Be still," he said harshly. "I do hold the grudge. I have nurtured it these years past, and now my turn has come. She did not come with you, Brayton? No? Strange. I sent her a most appealing call, and time was when she was not entirely indifferent to me."

Glowering down at me from his tall height, he smiled cynically and turned to the altar, which held nothing save a small square box of some rare wood. I suspected he was insane, and yet there was a certain deadly purpose about everything he did and said that impressed me with a degree of fear that he might not be mad.

The silence of the little shrine buried deep in the heart of this ancient ruined city, the roar of a tiger from the jungle outside, the very thought of my utter isolation from all mankind, my only companion this half mad enemy.

"My men will be looking for me, Pendleton. Just open this door, will you, please?" I asked in a matter of fact tone.

He turned, snarling: "My men, Brayton. I paid them to meet you at Dinapore and offer their services. Now they are miles back on the road. You are quite alone with me, entirely in my power, and when I am through—there are the jackals and vultures you know." He bent over the table once more.

"If one of us must die I believe I have the advantage, Bob," I leveled my revolvers at him, and though my head was cool, my hands trembled slightly, for Pendleton had once been my friend.

"They are empty, fool," he said bitterly. "My men removed the cartridges yesterday." He flung this over his shoulder, still bending over the little box.

It was true. The cartridges had been removed, but if the worst came to pass, as it undoubtedly would from Pendleton's attitude toward me, I could use them as clubs.

Suddenly he faced about and spoke rapidly, with many gesticulations of his thin hands.

"Years ago, Phil Brayton, you won out in a certain game. I swallowed my disappointment and went away. I have gone up and down the world looking for peace of mind and body, and there is none. I loved Eleanor Neal as no woman was ever loved before, as no woman will be loved again, and I still love her. I have been in every country on the globe; I have had experiences; I have seen mysteries that you never dreamed of; I have become what no white man on God's earth dared hope to attain; I am—But I will not tell you that!

"Here, in one of the dead cities of the world, isolated as one may hope to be, I have waited for you to come and take your medicine. You have loved her for years. I have been banished. Fate shall decide this night between us as Eleanor once chose. On this altar you see these four tiny crystal cups. The first contains the essence of supreme happiness, the second the essence of perfect love, the third the essence of immeasurable content. The fourth essence is never mind; it shall be unnamed.

"I have arranged them, and you may rearrange them as you please. You see they all contain a colorless liquid, and there is no outward distinction between them. Then you may choose one and shall drink it, and according to its contents so shall your fate be."

He leaned carelessly against the altar, smiling down at my perplexed face.

"And you—what are you to do?" I breathed quickly.

"Why, Brayton, I believe I shall have my day, my share of happiness. If you should happen to choose the fourth essence—why, Eleanor will be a widow and I may console her. Do you doubt my power?"

"Why not murder me outright?" I questioned calmly. "Your essences are a fool's trickery, Bob. Supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content are all attained by drinking the fourth essence, and that is"—

"What?" he demanded fiercely.

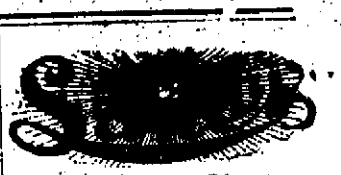
"Death."

He bowed his head sullenly. "Yet you must drink or die—die anyway, that I may live and have my share of happiness," he said doggedly.

Slowly I unbuttoned my coat and drew forth from a hidden pocket a leather case. In the front of the case was a miniature of my wife, Eleanor. Slipped in the back of the case was a newspaper clipping of her death. Without a word I gave the paper into his unwilling hand. He held it to the light, devoured it with lightning glance, and a look of poignant suffering came into his face for a brief moment.

Then, tossing it back to me, he broke into a joyful laugh. "Ah, Phil, I win at last." He snatched at one of the cups, drained it, and, while I struggled to detain him, he drank the others one at a time.

When the first hot red rays of the morning sun broke through the slit of window they fell on his dead face. All the anger and bitterness had fled. He looked young and beautiful, as if he had attained to supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content—these the gift of the fourth essence, the key to the spirit world.



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LITTLE ALICE

She Afforded a Grown Man Delightful Entertainment

By LLOYD WILLIAMS

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Bixby was one of those fellows who think that the young men of America should take an interest in politics. He was a shrewd man—we all think ourselves shrewd—and could see through a millstone as well as any one. He believed in the Machiavellian type of diplomacy and prided himself upon being able to conceal his meaning by his words as well as the great diplomat himself. He was ambitious, and ambitious men are liable to overtax their strength. At any rate, Bixby overtaxed his and was ordered to go away by himself into the country and live the simple life of a domestic animal. That is, he was to eat and sleep and not think.

He chose a farmhouse. The season was not propitious, for the summer and part of autumn had passed, and the days were short. Bixby received the morning papers from the city by 11 o'clock, and between breakfast and their receipt he walked. It was all very well for his doctor to tell him that he must do nothing. Everybody knows that Satan provides work for idle hands to do. So long as he was busy he lived as innocent a life as any man of his acquaintance. Just as soon as he ceased to work he got into mischief.

Chance furnished an opportunity. One morning he started out for his constitutional. It was a cold, lowering day and spitting snow. Nevertheless Bixby craved exercise and enjoyed stepping out at a brisk pace. He had not gone far before he saw a girl coming in the opposite direction. When she passed him he knew at once that, like himself, she was not country born and bred. Her dress coming only to the tops of her boots left Bixby in doubt whether she had yet emerged from young girlhood or whether she had adopted a short skirt for walking. In passing Bixby she lowered her eyes with that modesty one expects to find either in young girls or in eminently correct ladies.

The next morning Bixby took his constitutional at the same hour and on the same road. He had no idea of meeting the girl he had met the day before. Indeed, he had quite forgotten her. Passing over a crest and looking ahead, he saw a farmhouse, and at the same moment a door was opened and a woman came out and took the road toward Bixby. She had not come very far before he recognized the girl he had met the day before. She was now carrying some books under her arm.

"Schoolgirl," remarked Bixby to himself.

Bixby had just turned thirty-five, and if his thoughts the day before had inclined to a possible relief from the tedium of his exile with this girl the discovery that she was a schoolgirl put the idea quite out of his head. He permitted his eyes to dwell upon her for the moment during which he was passing her, and she, as before, lowered hers.

The next afternoon Bixby was out rambling—indeed, he had nothing to do but ramble—when it occurred to him that he would like a glass of milk. At the moment he espied in the distance the house from which he had seen the schoolgirl emerge the day before. The natural consequence of wanting the milk and seeing the house at the same time was a thought that he might see the girl. In telling the story he never speaks of this last thought, leaving one to suppose that the two first contingencies alone resulted in his going there.

On reaching the place he opened the gate, went deliberately up the walk and rapped on the door. A woman opened it, and Bixby asked if he might beg a glass of milk. His request was granted, and he was invited into the living room to wait while the woman brought the milk. At a table, with books—presumably schoolbooks—before her, was the girl.

Bixby took a seat. The girl did not look up, but kept on with what she was doing, evidently studying. The woman was some time bringing the milk, and, since it was embarrassing to sit in the same room with a person without speaking, Bixby concluded to make a remark.

"Are there good schools near here?" he asked.

"No, not very good schools, I believe. But I don't know anything about them. I don't go to school here."

Bixby was too well bred to ask where she did go to school. He remarked upon the beautiful country round about and how he enjoyed walking.

The girl told him that, walking in cold weather was her delight, but she couldn't take as long walks as she would like because it was not considered safe for her to go alone. Then Bixby told her why he had come to the country, that he had nothing to do all day and if her father and mother would permit her to go with him it would give him great pleasure. To this she replied that her father and mother were not there and there was no one to prevent her doing what she liked. Bixby considered this tantamount to accepting his invitation and said he would probably be coming past the farmhouse the next morning. If he did so he would stop and take her along. To this she replied that she would walk his way and they might meet on the road.

About this time the woman came in with the milk, set it down on the table and went out. Bixby drank it, conversing with the girl the while. He gave her every opportunity to explain why she was there and tell him all about herself, but, whether she did not understand his hints or was singularly reticent for one so young, anyway she failed to enlighten him. When he took his leave she arose from her seat, and Bixby noticed that she was pretty nearly as tall as he was. But Bixby was not a large man, and the girl seemed to be large for her age. Some girls get their growth by fourteen, and Bixby concluded this was one of that kind.

The next morning was delightful, not a cloud in the sky and the air dry and cold. Bixby started for his walk and felt as if he would rather run. There was ice in the little ditches beside the road, and, being fresh frozen and glassy, it afforded especially good slides for boys and girls. Looking ahead, he saw the girl he was to meet sliding on one of these stretches of ice. Indeed, she slid on every one she came to. When Bixby came up to her her cheeks were aglow. She looked very pretty. "She'll make a stunner," remarked Bixby to himself, "when she is a few years older."

After the greetings Bixby told her that if they were to walk together they must know each other's names. He said he was Mr. Bixby, and she said her name was Alice—He asked her "Alice what?" and she said Alice Middleton.

"Well, Alice," he said, "what do you study at school?"

"What do I study? Why, I study—oh, don't let's talk about school work! Let's talk about the hills and the valleys and the trees. It must be very beautiful here in summer. I can picture it as it will be in April, when the leaves are budding and on the forest trees is that delicate pale shade of green that we see only about ten days in the whole year. And I can fancy the melodious piping of some bird away up in the highest branches as if it came down from heaven. Do you remember how beautifully Coleridge describes the sounds in his 'Ancient Mariner'?

"Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing,
Sometimes all little birds that are—
How they seem to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bixby, "where did you learn that?"

"Where did I learn it?" she hesitated, then added, "Why in our English literature course, to be sure!"

"You have a high poetic sense."

"You mean a juvenile sense."

She began to imitate a bird with a voice that astonished Bixby, and when an echo came back from a neighboring hill it seemed to him that she had really been answered by a nightingale.

Bixby stopped stock still with a look of astonishment on his face. The girl burst into a laugh.

There were neither miles nor hours in that walk—at least not for Bixby. He had been bored by women—highly educated women, too—and here was a girl scarcely in her teens whose gift of appreciation enabled her to keep holding up before him pictures, giving each the peculiar coloring of her own individual vision. Finally they came to the farmhouse.

"Will you walk with me tomorrow?" asked Bixby.

"I'm sorry I can't; I go away in the morning."

"What!"

Bixby spoke the word as if some one had told him that he would be shot at daylight.

"Give me your full name and address in the city," she added; "there's something I wish to send you."

"When?"

"After your return."

Bixby gave her his card with his address on it, and she ran into the house.

The next morning the weather changed for Bixby. The country seemed uninhabitable. He stood it for two days longer, then went back to town.

A few days after his return he received tickets to an opera. There was no reason that he knew for any one to send him complimentary tickets, and he supposed these had been sent through mistake. He concluded to use one of them.

What was his astonishment to see in the prima donna the "little girl" Alice, though this was not her stage name. She looked about twenty-two years old. She saw Bixby, gave him a smile and sent him an invitation to visit her between the acts. When he saw her she explained that she had been resting away from everybody preparatory to a long engagement. It was not her fault that he had taken her for a schoolgirl. She wore her dresses short for convenience in tramping and had permitted him to remain in error.

Bixby has given up business and is following an opera troupe. It is needless to say that little Alice is the attraction for him. Although it is not yet a year since he first met her in the country, it seems to him that she has grown to be ten years older than she was then. She tells him she's not a year older and, considering the age he then took her to be, must grow for four or five years before she will be marriageable. He says he will follow her if necessary till she reaches her second childhood.

...A... BLUNDER

Being a Tale of the Restoration of Charles II.

By F. A. MITCHEL

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It was the year that King Charlie came from over the water to take his rightful place on the throne of England. All was good cheer and merry-making, for the people of London, who had long endured the psalm singing Roundheads, were beside themselves with joy at the change.

The day the king entered London, while his majesty was passing through the Strand, I was standing on the sidewalk, having intended to view the pageant, but my eyes were drawn above the gentlemen on richly caparisoned horses escorting the king and even the king himself to a window from which was looking down on them a young girl who seemed to me to be the fairest gentlewoman I had ever seen in my life.

Her hair was put high on her head, after the custom of the times, and bound with ribbons. Her ruff stood up under her ears, though not so high as when Elizabeth set the fashion in England. Her sleeves were slashed at the shoulders, and her stomacher was studded with gems. Indeed, she wore the costume of a highborn dame, and, as to her face and figure, they were the face and figure of an angel.

When I saw Lord Everest, whom I knew well, bending above her, craning his neck to get sight of the king, I was rejoiced, for I knew that he could tell me who she might be and maybap would make me known to her. And so when the pageant had passed I went to the door of the house in which these people were and which stood not far from Temple Bar, and when they came out I made pretense of surprise at seeing Everest and greeted him pleasantly, whereupon he seemed glad to see me and bade me come with him to his father's seat at Slough, which is near to Windsor, where great merry-making was to take place among the gentry of that region for a whole fortnight to celebrate the return of the king.

I knew not if the lady I had seen at the window would be of the number present, but I thought it likely that she would be, so I went with Everest to a tavern, where a meal was served, and after we had eaten our fill and paid the reckoning we took boats and went that night to Cragnew castle, the seat of the Duke of Berrymore.

And what was my delight that the lady who had thralled me remained with us at the tavern on the river and was guest as well as I at Cragnew.

Such a fortnight as we passed I have never passed since. There were riding and hunting and feasting and dancing, and all the while I was the acknowledged cavalier of the Lady Eleanor, whom I had seen at the window in London. Other young gallants vainly tried to replace me, and I rejoiced greatly that it was not necessary for me to threaten them, for the lady seemed willing that I alone should at all times be her attendant.

But the time came when I was made greatly wroth through jealousy. It came about in this wise: We were to have at the end of the festivities a great ball at which we were all to wear apparel of other peoples and other times and masks and were to dance and feast in these costumes. Many of us went to London, where these things necessary to our masquerade were to be procured, but we went secretly and not together that the habit we were to wear should not be known. I bought me a costume that would do for Christopher Columbus, who sailed over from Spain more than a century ago and discovered that land which has since been called Virginia and which has conferred so great a boon upon us in giving us tobacco.

My love for Eleanor waxed stronger day by day, so that now, looking backward to those times, I marvel greatly how I should have advanced with her so speedily, especially since there was no opposition to our fancy, for, notwithstanding that my family had stood by the king's royal father, our estates had not been confiscated, and I was just coming of age to inherit them. Besides, I had served Prince Rupert in all the battles he fought in the king's cause. And so it came about that when we strolled out into the greenwood that surrounds the castle and sat upon a fallen tree trunk I told Eleanor how my heart had gone with my eyes to her as she sat in the window in London on the day of the king's restoration and begged her to be my lady. She did not withdraw the hand I held, and when I kissed her lips she did not gainsay me.

And so it was all settled between us, and there was no happier man in England than I. We were to end our rejoicings at the king's return by the masquerade, and the next week I was to go to the seat of my lady's father to make a formal proposition for her hand. But before that might happen I well nigh rendered our union impossible.

The day before the masquerade I was walking through a corridor at Cragnew lined with sleeping chambers. As I passed one of them, the door of which stood ajar, I saw a sight that froze my heart with horror. Within the chamber I saw a Spanish cavalier admiring himself before a reflection of a mirror. And by him with his arm about her waist stood my Eleanor.

In a moment I was a madman. Whipping my rapier from its scabbard, I cried at the top of my voice: "Death! Come out lest I disgrace myself as you have done by intruding into a lady's chamber and I slay you there!"

The fellow turned and, seeing me glaring at him with my rapier leaping forward to pierce his vitals, lost all the color from his face, which as soon as I saw it I knew it belonged to one of tender years. But he was not unarmed, having a rapier at his waist, which gladdened me, if, indeed, I could be gladdened at such a time, for it gave me an excuse to slay him.

Eleanor turned, too, and gazed at me, all amazement.

"Aha, my Mistress Eleanor! Is it meet that you should accept a lover one day and the next receive another in your chamber? Maybap had not a draft set the door ajar I should never have known of your faithlessness!" With that I began to bawl and to roar at the "Spanish dog," the "miscreant," to come out into the corridor and defend himself. And, he not coming, I made a step forward. What did the coward do but run behind the bed and crawl under it!

By this time, with my roaring and swearing, the corridor was filled with guests, both gentlemen and ladies, who had come from their rooms to learn, maybap, if a lion had got into the castle. They saw me standing before the Lady Eleanor's open door, she, facing me, white as a sheet and not able to make herself heard above the noise I made.

Then came Lord Everest running along the corridor, and when he reached me and saw me standing, rapier in hand, glaring and howling for the Spanish cur to come out and fight like a man, he drew his own sword and beat mine down, crying:

"What means this bedlam? Cease your howling and let me hear what the Lady Eleanor has to say."

This somewhat quieted my tongue, though I continued to glare. The Lady Eleanor, seeing protection, went to the bed and, putting her hand under it, dragged the Spaniard out and helped him to stand upon his feet. Then she pushed him forward, saying:

"Look at this 'Spanish cur,' seeing for yourselves the crime I have committed in harboring him in my chamber."

"Why, 'tis the Lady Gwendolin Tracy!" said one of the bystanders.

Then my choler suddenly gave place to a sinking in the heart as well as the knees, for I saw what I had done. Surely the Spaniard was none other than the Lady Gwendolin, whose costume for the masquerade had just arrived from London and who, having taken her friend the Lady Eleanor into the secret of her character, was trying the suit on in her company.

"There, Sir Ralph," said Eleanor, "is the Spaniard for whom you would rob me of my good name before all these goodly people. Get you gone from me and never let me see you again."

With that she burst into a torrent of weeping and, retreating within her room, shut the door.

And I stood broken by my folly before the whole company, who presently, after the retreat of the Lady Eleanor, suddenly seeing the absurdity of my action, burst into loud peals of laughter.

"Down with the Spaniard!" cried the old duke, who had heard the same words often during his boyhood when Queen Mary's Spanish match was unpopular in England, whereupon all the company laughed again.

"'Tis like the dons," cried another, "to hide under the bed before a drawn rat."

"For shame, Sir Ralph, to draw sword upon a girl!"

But I, full [illegible] anguish at having by my choler [illegible] ced by jealousy to act upon impe[illegible]d without knowledge, heard not [illegible] of these jests. I was longing t[illegible] myself upon my knees before t[illegible]y Eleanor and at the same ti[illegible]hinking myself that I would [illegible] obtain her forgiveness. Finall[illegible]est, with kindly courtesy, see[illegible]ffering, came to me and, t[illegible]apier from my hand, thrust it [illegible] scabbard. Then, putting his ar[illegible]rough mine, he led me away. A[illegible] we walked down the corridor together I heard the murmur of voices and la[illegible]ter behind me of those who conti[illegible]d to discuss my lamentable blun[illegible].

"[illegible]ot fret your soul," said Everest. "T[illegible] evening's festivities will wear aw[illegible] the effects of your rashness."

"[illegible]ere are no more festivities for m[illegible]," I wailed, "unless maybap the Lady Eleanor may find it in her guileless heart to forgive me."

"And so she will," replied my friend, "when she comes to consider that your act was goodly evidence of your love for her."

"She will never forgive the affront I put upon her."

"Come, come; cease this maudlin whining! I will engage that you are forgiven this very evening."

With that he poured out a flagon of sack and bade me get up my courage, but be sure not to drink so much as to spoil the reconciliation that was to be between me and my ladylove. I dare not excite my brain, already hot, with the liquor and would have none of it.

When the ball was on Everest sought me out and led me to a curtained corner where sat Isabella, that queen who furnished the funds by means of which Virginia was discovered.

"Here is Columbus, your majesty, who returns to you penitent."

He left me with my love. And as I drew the curtains that those passing should not see in, so I draw the curtain over the close of my story.

A Newspaper Serial

It Was Written For One Purpose, But Accomplished Two Purposes

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"What we want," said the managing editor, "in our serials is plot. We must have our characters or some one of them at the end of an installment hanging over a precipice a thousand feet deep, to be rescued in the next, tumbled overboard in midocean, left to drown, rescued again, etc. And you needn't bring it all out happily in the end. Kill the hero if you like. There's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, who was strung up at the end of the story, and the whole world read it and wept over it. Big sales, large profits."

"You want it true to life, don't you?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction. If you'll strike a plot that every one says couldn't possibly have happened you'll get a selling story. The critics will call it 'rot,' but the people will want to read it. Try to do something startling. My object is to put the paper on its feet. Many a newspaper has been made by an ingenious serial."

I had no confidence in the paper's being established by any serial I could write, however improbable I should make it, and I told Heaton so, but he told me to get out and do as he had instructed. He had no more time to talk about the matter. "You know what we want," he said; "go and do it."

I puzzled for a considerable time over a plot, but could invent nothing original. Then it occurred to me that there is nothing original except in real incidents that occur from time to time, and even these repeat themselves. After all, the novel Heaton had quoted had nothing startling in the plot. It was the writing of it and the tragedy at the end. I determined to be content with a commonplace plan and rely on hanging somebody to do the rest. I would drag in all the horrid details of an execution, and I hoped in this way to serve the managing editor's purpose to a limited extent. In order to make the story more harrowing I determined that the man who dangled at the end of a rope should be the innocent victim of circumstances.

Hayeroft was my hero, Gwendolin Montgaverlas my heroine. They loved. Hayeroft was a distant connection to a millionaire who was a bachelor, and, since Hayeroft was the only child of several generations of older children descending from the millionaire's only brother or sister, for that matter, in case the millionaire died without will Hayeroft would inherit all his property. Pilblado, the villian of the story, also loves Gwendolin, and I must thrust some plan for him to get Hayeroft out of the way. It was very easy for me to kill the rich man under suspicious circumstances—at least I had Pilblado manufacture the circumstances—which went to show that Hayeroft had poisoned the old gentleman to get his money. The ingenuity required was to weave a lot of circumstances that would convict Hayeroft, and yet he must be innocent.

Nothing very original about that, you say. Well, if there is any originality in the matter at all I didn't supply it. Fate lays all the plots for stories, and all we scribblers do is to write them up. Nevertheless, though I didn't know it, I was doing the biggest job of my life. And do you know while I thought I was writing a blood and thunder love tragedy I was turning bitterness and gall in a real household into a great happiness.

The story was coming out, the installments appearing once a week. I had convicted the hero, and he was waiting the result of an appeal, which I intended to have denied by a merciless judge. I was writing the description of the hanging and intended as soon as it was over to drive the heroine insane and conclude with her shrieks dying away gradually as doors were closing behind her in a madhouse. The issue of the paper had appeared containing an explanation of that chain of circumstances which had convicted the murderer. Though they were not to save him, I felt bound to show my skill in finding a key to them, which if brought to light would save the victim. But, relying as I did on a double tragedy at the end, I proposed to bring out the key when it was too late to do any good. You see, I didn't intend to spoil the triple effect by being chicken hearted, especially as the people involved were merely creatures of my own brain. Besides, I remembered the instructions of the managing editor, and I was to attract the attention of the reading public, which increases the circulation of the paper and brings in the advertisements, the ultimate object of the whole thing.

About a week after the appearance of the issue containing the explanation of the incidents that had proved Hayeroft guilty, while I was engaged writing the removal of Gwendolin to a madhouse, a servant knocked at my door to say that a man was downstairs who wished to see me.

"Get out of here," I cried, "and tell the man to get out too! I'm doing work that must not be interrupted."

The maid went away and returned to say that she thought the man was having a fit. It required something of the sort to cause me to break off from my work, and, throwing down my pen, I hastened away. The man had buried his face in the lounge pillows and was giving way to violent spasmodic contortions. Hearing me enter, he arose and faced me. I never saw greater agony on any face. He looked from me to the maid and pointed to the door. I told her to leave us and closed the door behind her. Then I turned to my visitor.

"How did you get on to it?" he asked, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Get on to what?"

"By making up that prescription wrong."

"What prescription?"

"That killed the man in your story."

"Killed the man in my story!" I repeated, my eyes bulging with astonishment. I had been writing of an imaginary lunatic, and my first impression was that I had a real one before me.

"You called him Chesterton."

"Well?"

"Oh, my God! He was Middleton. You might as well have given the real name as one so like it."

I stood staring at the man for a while, then said to him:

"My friend, you must pardon me for excusing myself, but I have no time to devote to cranks. I am putting the finishing touches to the serial you speak of, and the copy must be ready this afternoon. The hero has been executed, the girl who loved him has gone mad, and"—

I didn't finish the sentence, for the fellow fell in a fit true enough. I picked him up and laid him on the lounge. As soon as he quieted down a bit he started up and began to talk in a hoarse whisper just as people on the dramatic stage do when they have something harrowing to communicate.

"I'm a drug clerk. One day a prescription came in and I put it up. Hours after it had gone out I found a small vial of deadly poison standing on the board where I had mixed the medicine. I had taken it up by mistake and put enough to kill any one into the mixture. I darted out to stop the patient from taking it. A boy rushed past me selling newspapers and crying, 'Sudden death of Banker Middleton!' That was the name given when the medicine was called for.

"I went back to the store, told my employer that my mother was dying and left town within an hour. My secret has preyed on me, but I never dreamed it would involve another life."

The man had given the key to the circumstances that had convicted an innocent man as I had concocted it for my novel. I saw at once that it was fate and not I who had been writing a detective story, the parts of which fate had evolved in its way, not mine.

In a distant town the drug clerk had picked up a copy of our paper containing that installment of my story which gave my concocted key, it being libeled with his own act. Later his eye met a newspaper item that the man who had poisoned Middleton for his money would be executed in three weeks. He had come to me as the author of the story, supposing that I had his secret.

In this sequel to the product of my brain I saw what the story itself would not produce. I am a newspaper man, and my newspaper instincts came to the front.

"You come with me," I said. "Put yourself in the hands of our paper, and we'll give you the best outcome to your fatal mistake one can secure for you."

He assented, and, taking him to the office, I told the story to Heaton.

"Shake!" he said, thrusting out his hand and grasping mine in an iron grip. "The paper's made!"

Then I called the drug clerk in and introduced him to the managing editor. Heaton gave him what money he wanted and told him to go where he liked—leaving his address, of course—and keep his mouth shut. The next morning our scare heads announcing that a remarkable combination detective-fiction-exploit had led to the discovery that George Barton, the man who had been convicted of the murder of Banker Middleton, was innocent. This set everybody agog for the next issue.

In the morning we announced that the paper had produced a drug clerk whose mistake had caused the poisoning of Middleton. A hint was thrown out that an author-detective who wrote exclusively for the paper had built a theory of his own as to the cause of Middleton's death and had written the story with the intent of bringing out the real culprit.

And so it came about that an innocent man was saved from a hanging because people like to read about such tragedies and because I was instructed to hang an imaginary character. But, after all, did it not come about on the principal of an ad.?

We got the drug clerk off with light punishment and had Barton up in our editorial rooms, where I was introduced to him as the man who had saved him from a felon's death. He asked me if I had really written the story on the theory that Middleton had been poisoned by the mistake of a drug clerk. The look of noncommittal wisdom I put on was a stroke of genius. It claimed nothing for me, but helped the paper.

There was another coincidence which I have left to the last, for it is the touching part. Barton was engaged to a very lovely girl. She had stood by him during his trial, confident in his innocence. Barton asked me to go to see her, and I did so. The interview was very affecting. She told me that if her fiance had been executed she believed she would have gone mad, as did the heroine of my story. Then I realized that better things had been accomplished by my serial than the building up of a newspaper.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

Vast Areas Where the Foot of a White Man Has Never Trod.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big wild country has been secured again and again along a few chosen and well worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone.

Imagine a dozen or so well beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent.

Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Along them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people."

Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area fifteen times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.—Leslie's Weekly.

RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

Their Methods Are Not Those of the Strenuous Life.

A Spanish railway seems an excellent place for a rest cure. "I remember," writes Mr. S. L. Bensusan, "when going on a short journey in Andalusia, the train that carried me stopped at a short junction. While we were at rest here, after some hours of travel at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour, the driver uncoupled his engine and proceeded down the line with it in the direction we were not to take.

"The passengers walked contentedly up and down, smoked countless cigarettes, ate oranges, resisted the importunities of beggars. At last I became uneasy and asked where the driver had gone. 'Pedro has run down the line on his engine to take a birthday gift to his mother, who lives over there,' explained the station master; 'he is indeed a good son and will not trust his parcel to the post. Spain is full of thieves.' And when the good son had come back from his mission he restored the engine to its proper position and we re-entered the train, which went on its journey after three-quarters of an hour's delay."—London Graphic.

The Monkey and the Book.

A story is told of an eminent naturalist of forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the other end of the room turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest. But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was tearing over the plates in order that when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a more depraved appetite. Perhaps he was verifying the Mendelian method of heredity among the philosophers of Laputa.—London Spectator.

Fame and the Editor.

Fame, so difficult a possession to obtain, lies oftener than one usually thinks in the power of the press.

Oscar Browning in his interesting "Memories of Sixty Years" tells how Fox, then editor of the Monthly Repository, settled the fate of Robert Browning's "Pauline" when it first appeared by the mere word "balderdash."

The explanation given is that "a single line was required to complete the page, and the editor, taking up the first book on which he could lay his hand and thinking it insignificant and pretentious, described it as I have stated above."

Oscar Browning declares that the poet said "that by this accident his public recognition had been delayed for twenty years."

Napoleon's First Love.

The little French town of Auxonne is not associated in the popular mind with Napoleon; but, as Miss Betham-Edwards reminds us in "Unfrequented France," he spent some years of his cadetship there. "In the Saone he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeoise maiden called Manesca. Two ivory counters bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting enrich the little museum."

Could Be Useful.

"Mamma says that if you could make up your mind to go into papa's business, Arthur, he would very likely consent to our engagement."

"But, my darling girl, I'm a poet."

"That doesn't matter. You could write advertisement rhymes for our stuff."—Fliegende Blatter.

His Talent.

"Is he a great artist?"

"No."

"But he gets good prices for his stuff."

"Yes. He's a great salesman."—Exchange.

The past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theater of everlasting generations with her harmony.—Shelley.

ANNOUNCEMENT PRICE LIST.

Following are our prices for political announcements in The Miner. A check for the required amount should accompany the order for all announcements to insure prompt publication:

Judge of Courts	$25.00
Member of Congress	25.00
State Senator	15.00
Member of Assembly	10.00
Sheriff	10.00
Prothonotary	10.00
Recorder of Deeds	10.00
Register of Wills	10.00
District Attorney	10.00
County Treasurer	25.00
County Commissioner	10.00
Clerk of Courts	5.00
County Auditor	5.00
Jury Commissioner	5.00

HOTELS IN PORTUGAL.

Paying One's Bill There Becomes a Duel in Politeness.

When traveling for the first time in Portugal one is apt to become exasperated when he desires to settle up with his landlord at the hotel. When the traveler asks how much his bill is the landlord bows graciously, smiles suavely, rubs his hands together and replies that the bill is as much as the guest wishes to contribute.

This is simply the opening of a duel of politeness, for the hardened traveler at once thanks the landlord for his confidence in him and again very courteously asks for a detailed statement of his account. Still the bill is not forthcoming, for the landlord declares that he does not wish to insult his guest in any such manner. Finally the landlord does reckon up the charges on his fingers. When he has finished he asks the traveler how much the sum total is. If the traveler hasn't kept track of it the landlord very laboriously goes over the account again. If the guest has footed up the bill the landlord is sure that it cannot be so much and insists on a re-reckoning. The result is the same, and the landlord invariably needs to bring two or three more fingers into use for items that had been accidentally omitted.

Needless to state, the traveler not hardened to this process breathes a deep sigh of relief when he "escapes."—Boys' World.

DIET AND AGE.

Proper Eating Would Insure Better Health and Longer Life.

Medical experts, insurance men, educators and teachers of the science of health and happiness generally are in favor of simpler living and a return to nature. The mortality of adult age of the period between forty and sixty—is increasing, but it is not due to the stress of modern life, to worry and overwork, as some have supposed. It is due, we are assured, to overeating and bad diets. There is every reason why we should live longer and be healthier, as comforts are increasing and inventions are lessening toil and anxiety. But our very prosperity has led to richer and ampler diets, and there is where the mischief lies—there, and in our indoor life. We shun nature; we shut out light and air; we walk little and seldom eat or rest in the open air in gardens, fields or on porches.

This is all wrong, and the wages of this wrong are ill health, depression, gloom, the shortening of the natural span of life. Habits of outdoor life should be formed early—at school. As much teaching as possible should be done in the open air—and as much playing likewise. After graduation boys and girls should continue to cultivate the outdoor life and families should continue the practice.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Telephone Lies.

At One Hundred and First street and Broadway a man was talking into a telephone. Presently he was heard to say: "All right, I'll come. I am now at Twenty-third street and Broadway. I'll be up in about half an hour."

"That chap seems to have lost his bearings," said a man who had overheard the error in locality.

"He knows where he is all right," said a drug clerk. "He's just putting up a bluff. It is quite a common bluff. Men who have a mighty high regard for truth at all other times do not hesitate to tell a whopper about these they are when talking over the phone. I have heard persons in adjoining offices that wire that they were telephoning from points all the way from Hoboken to Amityville. The Lord will not seasoned liars, either; just for a few minutes' grace apparently, and thought the easiest way to get was to make out they were a million miles farther away than they really were."—New York Press.

Custom in Spain.

One thing specially is called the "Costumbre," they say. It is the custom"). It explains commercial honor tersely for the Spanish business man to keep his word and pay his bills; exactly as it is equally customary for him to lack what we call "honor" in some other departments of life. It is customary to do or not to do, to like or not to like, a thousand things. Why? "Costumbre" is the only reply. It is customary, moreover, not to yield readily to an improvement or a luxury, even as it is again equally customary, once the Spaniard has yielded to a given thing, to hold to it like adamant.—Arthur Stanley Riggs in Cent.

His Preference.

"You can get an armful of daisies for a dime," pointed out the optimist, "and just look at their bright, pretty little faces!"

"What do I want with an armful of daisies?" growled the pessimist. "I'd rather have a cheese sandwich."—New York Journal.

A Snake Tale.

A man took his small son to the park. They fed bread to the swans and then stood for a long time in front of a cage of serpents. The boy looked at them with fascinated eyes. At last he exclaimed, "I like these fellows all right, but where are the animals?"—Lippincott's

Probably.

The Orator—I ask you, Wot is this life we 'old so dear? Soon I'll be lyin' with me forefathers. The Voice—An' givin' them points at the game, too!—London Sketch.

Common sense is the genius of our age.—Greeley.

THE BUDDHIST HADES.

Eight Easy Stages of the Most Awful Kinds of Torture.

The places of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is a terrible place of punishment. This Buddhistic hell is divided into eight "easy stages."

In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for untold ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with redhot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin is all carefully filed or rasped from the body and irritating mixtures applied. In the third stage the nails, hair and eyes are plucked out and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are carefully roasted. Yama, the Buddhistic Satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immense vat among the eyes, nails and hair previously removed. Then in plain hearing of the sore footed, blind, maimed, roasted and bleeding victim the whole horrid mass is pounded into a jelly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown, and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of perdition.

DEADLY MINE GASES.

White Damp, Firedamp, Black Damp and the Fearful After Damp.

"White damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless and colorless and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called "firedamp" and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects.

Black damp, unlike white damp, is heavier than air, a non-explosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire. This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that occasionally, when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black damp creeping in upon them by its smell, they have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clean by rude improvised fans.

Following an explosion these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas, possessing all the dreaded qualities of each, which is known as "after damp," and it is the mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.—Atlantic Monthly.

Late Rising Birds.

A pair of singing birds had been advertised for sale.

"The property of a late rising family," the dealer stated.

"I wound up with that clause," he said, "so possible purchasers would not be scared off by the prospect of an unearthly chattering at 5 o'clock in the morning. Birds can be trained to keep any kind of hours. If they are brought up by a family of nighthawks they learn to go to bed at midnight and get up at 9 a. m., along with the rest of the folks, but if they are tucked in right away after supper they wake up the neighborhood at a correspondingly early hour the next morning. It is advisable for any person who is likely to lie abed until noon to inquire into the early training of a bird before buying."—New York Sun.

American Golf.

Certainly you are in good luck as a golfer if you go to America at all, for they are gloriously hospitable in that land, and, so far as I could see, the idea that some have here—that the American's notion of the object of playing a game is purely to win it, not to enjoy the playing—is perfectly mistaken. I never had the impression more strongly anywhere of being in the company of men who were playing the game for pleasure, not for the mere sake of winning the match. But then it is certainly true, as I heard one of their judges (I mean a legal judge, though he was a judge of golf, too) say in an after-dinner speech that it is "the cleanest sport in America."—Horace Hutchinson in London Telegraph.

The Voice of the People.

Lady John Russell visited Paris as a girl in 1830 and witnessed the somewhat artificial enthusiasm for Louis Philippe, who had just been placed on the throne by the revolution. "It is said," we are told, "that any small boy in those days could exhibit the king to curious sightseers by raising a cheer outside the Tuileries windows, when his majesty, to whom any manifestation of enthusiasm was extremely precious, would appear automatically upon the balcony and bow."

One Formality.

"Oh, joy! She has written a letter saying she will marry me."

"Congratulations. When?"

"Well—er—you see her father has to indorse this promissory note before it's good."—Cleveland Leader.

How Ma Resembled Him.

"Tommy, you don't take after your father much, do you?"

"No, ma'am. But, gee, you ought to see the way ma does sometimes!"—Exchange.

What's In a Name?

The late king of Siam had for a full name Phra Bat Somdeth Phra Parami-minor Maha Chulalongkorn Phra Chulin Chum Klo Chow Yu Hua, and this does not include his titles. A wag in Bombay saw it in the paper when the ruler was visiting that city and was being received by the British officials and passed it over to a young Irish subaltern with the challenge that he pronounce it. The young fellow looked at it a moment and then handed it back. He said he was not long enough winded, but he was sure he could play it on the garrison club piano if the instrument were a couple of octaves longer. The king's uncle, however, who was also a prince high priest, had for one name alone the following collection of letters: Pawarutsawariyalongkaun. Any one who can get through this without that one of the notes has lived a long time where he can look out of the window and see the gilded peak of a temple shimmering in the equatorial sun.—Christian Herald.

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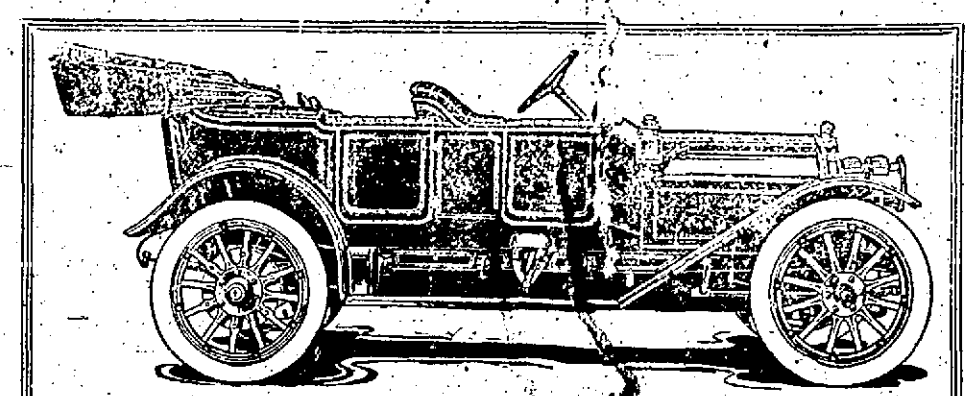

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With the "50," full equipment consists of silk mohair top, two extra seats, horn, speedometer, windshield and clock; black enameled Solar lamps with finest, most powerful lenses; black enameled combination oil and electric dash and tail lamps; Prestolite tank, tire irons, completely filled tool box, extra demountable rim, foot and side rail and storage battery for lighting.

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We have been mighty busy supplying the demand for our cars since the first we produced three years ago. We have never been big advertisers—never has there been any necessity for our creating a greater demand than we could supply.

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